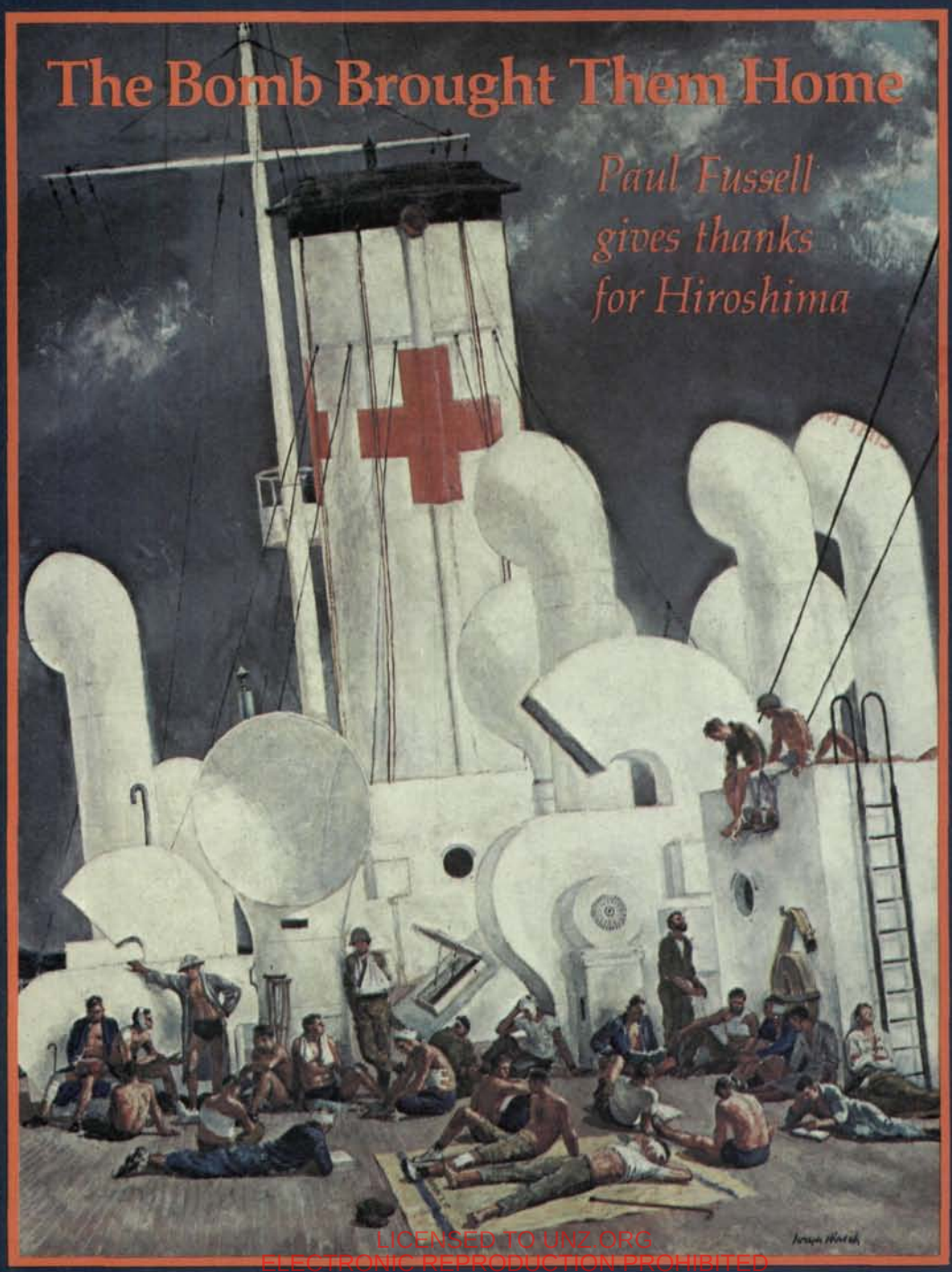
Michael Kinsley on Silver Spoons

Francine du Plessix Gray on Jesuits • Nicholas von Hoffman on Mergers

THE NEW REPUBLIC

August 22 & 29, 1981

Price $1.25



AMR*EE190W*MI2 31 NP DEC83
MR EUGENE MARSHALL
ST. GREGORYS COLLEGE
1900 W. MACARTHUR
SHAWNEE OK 74801

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Gulf's oil well in the mud will put America's energy on firmer ground."

"We can't pass up any oil in the U.S., no matter how hard it is to get," says Tom Burke, Chief Construction Engineer.

"Gulf Oil Corporation has put up a very special new drilling platform in the Gulf of Mexico.

"It has been especially designed to stand in deep, unstable mud, and to reach two miles horizontally for the oil, so as to stay out of the way of ship traffic.

"It's a big, challenging project, but it will supply a lot of oil that we won't have to buy from overseas."

Gulf

Gulf people: energy for tomorrow.

©Gulf Oil Corporation 1981

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington
August 22 & 29, 1981

(The regular author of TRB, Richard Strout, is on vacation. This week's column is by Richard Cohen of the Washington Post.*)*

Houses for Sale

There are seven houses for sale on my block, two on the next, and down the road there are two more. Around town there must be hundreds, maybe thousands, but the real estate ladies come out on Sunday anyway, stake their "open" signs into countless lawns, wait for buyers who never come, and blame the whole dismal market on high interest rates when they should be blaming Ronald Reagan. Washington is always underestimating Ronald Reagan.

Forgive me for seeing everything in terms of real estate. I cannot help myself. Once I thought of sex and power, occasionally of baseball, and sometimes of the meaning of life, but 14 years in Washington has focused my attention. I think of nothing but real estate. I notice the for-sale signs planted on the lawns of Washington and I wonder what has happened to the vaunted Washington real estate market, the one that was supposed to be impervious to bust, to depression, to recession, to all laws of economics. Lyndon Johnson, who knew a thing or two about making a buck, used to advise his friends to put their money in Washington real estate, saying that they could not go wrong. Johnson made that prediction come true. He put several trillion dollars into the local industry, producing, among other things, a voracious demand for housing.

So now people tell me that high interest rates are killing the real estate market. This is true in Washington, they say, and true across the country and maybe true throughout the world. But I fear there may be yet another reason. I fear it is Ronald Reagan.

I am nervous. I see real estate both for what it is and as a metaphor for the way most of Washington has dealt with Ronald Reagan. No matter what he says or does, someone comes along with assurances that he is, at bottom, just another politician doing what politicians always do. When it comes to real estate, this takes the form of an almost mystical conviction that even though Reagan says he will trim the size of the federal government—indeed, already has done so—he really won't.

Up on Capitol Hill, refusal to deal with reality was personified by Tip O'Neill, who wound up making more concession statements than Harold Stassen. He didn't notice that for the moment at least the Democratic party exists no more. And neither O'Neill nor the Democrats were willing to believe that Reagan just might succeed in putting together a new political coalition consisting of the un-poor—from the merely comfortable and affluent to the downright rich. It did not matter to large hunks of this coalition that the recently enacted tax bill mainly benefited the rich. What mattered was that it contained some benefit for everyone—everyone but the poor, that is. It seemed for a while that O'Neill could only help Reagan by driving that point home. Tell 'em again, Tip, how the poor won't get anything.

But "get" is really the wrong word. The potency of Reagan's appeal is based on the word "offer." Reagan's tax bill, like his basic program, is conservative not because it enables the rich to stay rich (even the Democrats didn't change that any) but because it extends the promise—the offer—to others to become rich. It promises to open up the avenues to wealth once again, avenues clogged by government regulations, high taxation, and well-meaning programs like affirmative action—in other words, by much of the Great Society. Congress realizes that Reagan is selling doctrinaire conservatism. But to much of America, after 20 years of the New Frontier and the Great Society, it looks like he is selling hope.

The Democrats fashion compromises for Reagan, but he will not compromise. He meets the press when he wants to meet the press and under conditions of his own choosing. He works a little, plays a lot, and naps some. He smiles a lot and he is, I firmly believe, the nicest of guys. But he's stubborn and persistent and things haven't changed much since 1964, when he made that speech for Barry Goldwater. We have new terms and wonderful nomenclature—supply side and monetarism and even curves that prove that what's good for General Motors is good for America—but the fundamentals of the Reagan program are more than 20 years old and they are very conservative indeed.

One of these fundamentals is to reduce the size of the government. To Reagan the government is just a pain in the neck. It does very little that is worthwhile and even then it does not do it efficiently. So he has already greatly reduced the nondefense part of the federal budget and will reduce it even more in the years to come. Every part of the government that worked in any way to make income less unequal will be abolished or reduced. Many programs have already disappeared or have been substantially weakened: CETA and legal services and food stamps and student loans and lots more. Everything, folks, will be smaller and less complicated and therefore, as sure as day follows night, cheaper. This will make David Stockman very happy.

But the city of Washington takes no notice of this. Here, Ronald Reagan is just another president who came to town pledging to reduce the size of the federal government. Carter promised that. So did Ford. And people who went into real estate in those years are rich today. So the town builds on. All over Washington, cranes reach for the sky and the Babbits from the Board of Trade express nothing but optimism. Washington will grow because the federal government will grow and this will happen because it has always happened. Whole blocks have been reconverted, black men kicked off their stoops, and green plants hung in the window, yet the homes go unsold. If you ask what the problem is, you will be told it's high interest rates, but it's not that at all—at least not only that. It's Ronald Reagan, the first president in a long time to make a difference. He believes that for more people to live better, people in Washington are going to have to live worse—and the poor are going to have to live worst of all. In our own ways, we—the rich, the poor, and those of us in Washington real estate—contribute to the Reagan revolution. We all do what we can, but the poor will do the most.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 185, Nos. 8 & 9, Issues 3476 & 3477, August 22 & 29, 1981. Published weekly (except the issues of January 3, July 11, August 8, August 29) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street NW, Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, $1.25; yearly subscriptions, $32; foreign, $39; students, $18.

Copyright 1981 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Item g. Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide and Media Review Digest. The New Republic is available on microfilm from University Microfilms International, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106.

Advertisers: For information concerning advertising in The New Republic, telephone Joan Stapleton, advertising manager, at (202) 331-9787. The New Republic is a member of the Leadership Network. For information concerning network advertising, telephone Robert F. Sennott Jr., at (212) 682-4500.

The New Republic is a member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation and the Magazine Publishers Association.

Subscribers: Please send all remittances, inquiries about subscriptions and undelivered copies, and changes of address to **Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 955, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737.**

Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

CONTENTS

TRB from Washington	3	Houses for Sale
Comment	5	Neutron Bombast
		Traffic Snarl
		The Clean Air Wheeze
	7	Correspondence
Eugene McCarthy	10	No Spread for Red Bread
Nicholas von Hoffman	11	Playing Monopoly
Timothy Noah	12	Upscale, Downscale
R. D. Rosen	14	My Word
Michael Kinsley	17	High on the Hog, III: Triumph of the Will
		Books and the Arts
Stanley Kauffmann	22	Films: Blowhard
Robert Brustein	23	Theater: Shakespeare Our Contemporary
Mark Crispin Miller	25	Television: "The air of expectancy was bursting at the seams"
Paul Fussell	26	Hiroshima: A Soldier's View
Jane Kenyon	28	Poem: "Evening at a Country Inn"
Francine du Plessix Gray	30	*The Jesuits* by David Mitchell
Howard Gardner	33	*Endeavors in Psychology* by Edwin S. Shneidman
Ronald Radosh	36	*The Taming of Fidel Castro* by Maurice Halperin
California Diarist	42	Sequins, Sunshine, and Sea Therapy
Cover		*"Mercy Ship" by Joseph Hirsch, courtesy of the US Navy's Combat Collection. Article on page 26.*

STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF AND PRESIDENT
Martin Peretz

EDITOR
Hendrik Hertzberg

LITERARY EDITOR
Jack Beatty

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
Morton M. Kondracke

SENIOR EDITOR
Michael E. Kinsley

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
Charles Krauthammer

MANAGING EDITOR
Dorothy Wickenden

FILMS
Stanley Kauffmann

THEATER
Robert Brustein

POETRY EDITOR
Robert Pinsky

NEW REPUBLIC BOOKS EDITOR
(Holt, Rinehart & Winston)
Marc Granetz

ASSOCIATE LITERARY EDITOR
Ann Hulbert

PRODUCTION MANAGER
Marianne Jordan

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
Jennifer Sour

STAFF WRITERS
Timothy Noah, Emily Yoffe

ASSISTANT TO THE EDITORS
Joan Shaffer

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Paul Fussell, Joseph Featherstone, John Keegan, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Joyce Carol Oates, Paul Robinson, Ronald Steel, Anne Tyler, Nicholas von Hoffman, Michael Walzer, Leon Wieseltier

INTERNS
Michael A. Lerner, John Lieber

PUBLISHER
Robert A. Cohen

CONTROLLER
J. Kristine Klasman

CIRCULATION DIRECTOR
Patricia Hardee

CIRCULATION MANAGER
Reed Phillips

BUSINESS MANAGER
Rhonda Davis Schoem

ADVERTISING MANAGER
Joan M. Stapleton

RIGHTS AND PERMISSIONS
Winter Thomason

ACCOUNTING ASSISTANT
Livia Arnaiz

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING MANAGER
Theresa Miller

LEADERSHIP NETWORK ADVERTISING
Robert F. Sennot Jr.

STAFF ASSOCIATES
David Seideman, Dana Bennett Williams

BACK ISSUES AND RECEPTION
Tracy Swanson

The New Republic is phototypeset and produced by 19th Street Graphix, Washington, DC.

PRODUCTION SUPERVISOR
Kathy Sullivan

TYPESETTING
Marlene Davis, John O'Neill, Lila Ward

GRAPHICS
Kenny Grady, George Kibler

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

August 22 & 29, 1981

Neutron Bombast

Far too much fuss has been made about the so-called neutron bomb, a weapon that is neither less nor more horrible than the tactical nuclear warheads with which Europe already bristles. The fuss has been a boon to (and partly a creation of) Soviet propaganda. The Soviet bloc has four times the number of tanks stationed in Europe as does NATO. US manufacture of the neutron weapon is designed to make sure that that superiority is not used for conquest, and this is portrayed by the Soviets as a crime against humanity. The Soviets have succeeded in winning wide acceptance of the clever idea that the enhanced radiation warhead is a "capitalist weapon—designed to kill people, but save property." If anything, it's more of a Communist weapon—it liquidates whole classes while sparing the means of production. In any event, credulous or mischievous leftists in Europe put pressure on their leaders whenever a decision relating to neutron warhead deployment is near, and then European leaders quake and hope that Washington has the strength to stick to its decision.

In 1978 the Carter administration, believing its own rhetoric about greater consultation and closer partnership with the Europeans, decided to change the drill and make the NATO allies share responsibility for the neutron decision. Pentagon and State Department officials tirelessly worked on German chancellor Helmut Schmidt and others to come forward with a statement that they needed and wanted the weapon as a deterrent against Soviet attack. But then, in a curious, not-yet-explained turnabout, President Carter retreated for private communing with his conscience and decided to forgo deployment. It was one of the single most damaging blows that Carter administered to his own credibility, but his decision was less sweeping than it appeared. In a sense, he gave himself the worst of all possible situations: he actually went ahead with the manufacture of components for the weapon, holding back only on assembly and deployment, but he took as much domestic and foreign blame as if he had stopped the whole program.

Although the Soviets are yelling apocalypse, the Reagan administration actually has taken only the step of ordering Carter's components put together in Lance missiles and eight-inch artillery shells. This is not an insignificant step in military and logistic terms because the assembly process takes several months. But the administration wisely has deferred the issue of actual deployment in Europe until such time as the Europeans ask for delivery. In spite of Soviet screams, the Reagan decision has been accepted calmly by most European governments, especially Germany's, which observed quite rightly that it was entirely within Reagan's prerogative. France greeted the decision as inevitable given the military imbalance in Europe, Soviet presence in Afghanistan, and the continuing Soviet arms buildup. *Le Monde*, which is close to France's new Socialist government, demanded rhetorically to know "who is it that accumulated a great arsenal of missiles, which the Western allies will not begin to supply themselves with until 1983? Who sent tanks to fight in Afghanistan, threatening the energy resources of the West?" French defense minister Charles Hernu said that the neutron issue "should not be used to obscure the reality of Euromissiles"—the Soviet Union's 350 SS-20 rockets, each equipped with three warheads.

To the extent that there was real chafing in NATO, it came out of nervousness that elevating the neutron issue now would interfere with the West's being able to do something about the Soviet Euromissiles—either through the US-Soviet arms control discussions set to begin this fall, or through the process of deployment of longer-range theater nuclear forces, or both. Worry over these complications led Secretary of State Alexander Haig to urge postponement of the neutron decision until spring. He lost out in an argument with Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, who maintained that a firm decision would strengthen the US

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the Western alliance are far better off when the US takes a forthright stand—in other words, leads—than when it defers to leftist-harried European leaders. The US is not forcing Europe to take neutron bombs; it is merely assuring the Europeans that if and when the weapons are needed, they exist.

In the US and Europe there is worry—all Soviet propaganda aside—that neutron warheads somehow make nuclear war more likely. The argument goes that in the event of a Soviet attack, the president is more likely to order limited use of small nuclear weapons if they are tipped with neutron warheads than if they are tipped with "conventional" nuclear warheads, which do greater blast damage. Once the neutron bomb is used, say critics of the weapon, the nuclear threshold has been crossed and escalation to all-out war is almost inevitable. We concur in the logic, but disagree with the conclusion—that therefore neutron bombs should not be built. The fact that it is easier to imagine using the neutron weapon is what makes a better deterrent to Soviet attack—and that, paradoxically, decreases the likelihood of its actually being used. We would rather live in a world where neutron bombs (or any nuclear bombs) were not necessary—say, one in which the Soviet Union had dismantled its tank force in Europe, and we had done the same to ours—but it is not our luck to do so. So we need the best deterrents we can get, and Soviet bellowing makes us think the neutron bomb must be a very good one indeed.

Traffic Snarl

The administration has proclaimed that the strike by air traffic controllers is over. Dismissal notices have been sent to some 12,000 members of the Professional Air Traffic Controllers Organization, who have been replaced by supervisory personnel and members of the military. Yet Robert Poli, the president of PATCO, also has been unrelenting, and the strikers, still on the picket lines, cling to the hope that a settlement and reinstatement may yet be won. Reagan's swift, unequivocal retaliation against the illegal strike and the union was a shrewd political gamble of the kind that has brought him one triumph after another in his confrontations with Congress. The president won public support by posing the issue in stark terms of moral right and wrong, pointing out that the members of PATCO are public employees who by explicit oath renounced the right to strike when they signed up with the Federal Aviation Administration. When the controllers rejected the government's first offer and struck for a 30-percent pay raise, a four-day work week, and earlier retirement, Reagan denounced them as outlaws and punished them accordingly: with court injunctions, fines, jailings, and dismissals. As added retribution, the administration also has begun proceedings to decertify PATCO and has recommended that its striking union members be blackballed from holding federal jobs in the future.

The air traffic controllers are justified in some of their grievances against the FAA, but they initiated the strike fully aware of what its consequences might be. In early July PATCO's membership rejected a pact that would have provided salary and benefit increases totaling $40 million over the next three years. Throughout the 11th-hour efforts to avert the strike, the union refused to back off from its ambitious proposals, matching the government's stubbornness at every step. The fact that these demands came from a union whose members are relatively affluent (controllers average around $33,000 per year, and the highest-paid among them earn upward of $45,000) did little to enlist public sympathy; the vast majority of the country quickly and emphatically sided with the president.

The controllers have presented themselves as high-minded public servants, claiming that the stress arising from overwork and underpay has made the skies less than safe. But PATCO members undid their moral claims by going on strike. When the controllers staged their walkout, they knowingly forced the president to take chances with air safety—the principle PATCO claimed to be defending. But contrary to the union's alarmist predictions about chaos in the control towers, so far at least the system appears to be operating safely. The FAA has reduced the number of flights by one-quarter and has increased safety precautions. But if there is an air disaster because of the bungling of a substitute controller, the defiant union members will have to share the blame with the government that has fired them. "There is no right to strike against the public safety," said Calvin Coolidge in one of his few intelligent public utterances.

PATCO's demands made the air controllers easy targets for Reagan's homilies about his responsibility to reduce the tax burden on the average citizen. Yet air controllers clearly felt they had been sandbagged. PATCO was one of the few unions to endorse candidate Reagan, who made expansive campaign promises about improving FAA treatment of the controllers, upgrading their equipment, and easing their working conditions. But PATCO didn't foresee the deftness with which Reagan can change his tune when it suits his political agenda. One of the mainstays of his political prowess is the skill with which he picks his battles, and he could hardly have found a less formidable opponent than the tiny PATCO union. Reagan appears to have been spoiling for a fight with organized labor, and the controllers handed him a perfect opportunity to engage in that fight while showing the country just how frugal he can be.

Paradoxically, the union's support of Reagan made it more vulnerable to him. That support helped chill PATCO's relations with the rest of organized labor. If

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Catering department

To the editors:
In an otherwise entertaining Washington Diarist (*TNR*, August 1 & 8), M.E.K. remarks that "If the Marquis . . . de Sade were a modern Washington caterer, he would be just the man to plan" Ernest Lefever's farewell party at the State Department. Since I know Dr. Lefever personally and professionally, and since I have heard of the sinister and vile activities to which history has assigned de Sade's name, I am at a loss to understand the connection between the two individuals. Similarly, I cannot understand why "bondage freaks" would be glad about Lefever's consulting work for the State Department.

Would you please enlighten me as to the facts upon which you base your characterization of Dr. Lefever? In the absence of such an accommodation, I will assume that you will retract the innuendo.

Daniel F. Bonner
Ethics and Public Policy Center
Washington, DC

M.E.K. replies:
In light of Mr. Bonner's challenge and similar letters from professional colleagues of the Marquis de Sade, I retract my remarks. It also was irresponsible of me to speculate about what "bondage freaks" may feel about Dr. Lefever's latest appointment. They should communicate directly with Mr. Bonner at the Ethics and Public Policy Center.

Oh, U beautiful dall

To the editors:
Morton Kondracke's article on Democratic presidential candidates for 1984 mentions 14 possibilities ("The Marathon Commences," *TNR*, July 18). But not Mo Udall. Why is this? Congressman Udall made millions of friends and hardly any enemies in his 1976 race. With a little better luck in the April 1976 Wisconsin primary, the Democratic candidate might have been Udall rather than Carter. The nation—and the Democratic party—might, under President Udall, have emerged in one piece from the post-Vietnam morass.

Udall took his defeat gracefully. His chairmanship of the House Interior Committee produced so mighty an edifice to conservation that even a Watt is having trouble tearing it down. When polls are taken on senators and representatives, Udall is almost always rated most effective and respected. His name on a fundraising letter for others can still evoke warm memories and amazing responses. So, in making your list of possibilities, don't overlook the possibility of One Mo' Time.

Henry S. Reuss
House of Representatives
Washington, DC

Six, six, six

To the editors:
In his article "Antihumanism on the air" (*TNR*, July 25), James David Besser ridicules the religious radio broadcasters. But some of their lunatic ideas make good sense. Consider, for example, David Weber's theory that zip codes and other numbers will be used by the Antichrist to identify his followers, marked "666." This sounds reasonable to me. The Republican-controlled Kansas legislature meets in Topeka and is notorious for the way it screws the citizens of the state. Its antics would make Satan proud to include its members in his unholy fellowship.

Chuck Rhodes
Topeka, Kansas 66604

Hill Street Bluenoses

To the editors:
The "Hill Street Blues" Mark Crispin Miller went after, hatchet in hand ("Off the Prigs," *TNR*, July 18), doesn't sound anything like the show I watch. He condemns the show's very existence because it represents little more than . . . tired liberal ideology." To everyone's disappointment, "Hill Street" "contains little violence." Still more revolting, "all the little people—civilians as well as policemen—[are] terribly colorful and cute." Worst, odious "liberal bias" precludes unflattering depictions of blacks.

Well, it's news to me that sympathy for cops is a "tired liberal ideology." The rest of his comments bear a similar relationship to reality. "Hill Street" strikes me as an extremely violent show—necessary, perhaps, to convey the awfulness of ghetto life. But it is violent beyond doubt, as the slashing of a policeman's throat by one of those colorful little people attests.

Miller complains that most of the show's white characters have personality flaws, while the top black characters, Hill and Washington, are perfect: "handsome, diligent, brave, and upright." (Never mind that he also complains about the lead, Furillo, being white and perfect.) Again, what show is he watching? Did he miss the time that Hill went berserk and savagely attacked his own (white) partner? The episode when Washington assaulted a black businessman in order to get evidence?

"Hill Street" is distinguished most for being the first network show to portray race relations in all their fury and sinister grip. As such, it is an important breakthrough for television. It is a teaching show on the nation's most powerful medium—a medium that teaches banality, mindlessness, and greed. "Hill Street" teaches that some blacks are good, others bad; some whites good, others bad; some parts of the system good, others bad. The essence of life, this show says, is to learn to tell the difference. A skill your critic could profit from.

Gregg Easterbrook
The Washington Monthly
Washington, DC

To the editors:
I believe Mark Crispin Miller's ("Off the Prigs," *TNR*, July 18) ancestors have been credited with the following excerpts:

From the Jerusalem *Tablet*, 93 AD:

> . . . Matthew, Mark, John, and Luke offer us an unlikely story from four perspectives, each more hokey and naive than the previous. The central character, 'Jesus Christ,' is too good to be true: a rabbinical carpenter who promulgates a new religion by claiming to be the Jewish Messiah (!). The 'disciples' are a core fan club of 12 drawn from the lower strata of Palestinian life. They are an obvious collection of sympathetic local riff-raff, who are to carry the faith. . . . As organized religion continues its decline, it is stories like *The Gospels* that are a healthy sign of its approaching death . . . .

From the London *Critic*, 1623:

> . . . William Shakespeare's latest, *The Tempest*, is another in his steady downhill

(*continued on page 39*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drawing by Vint Lawrence for *The New Republic*

the labor establishment had responded to the firings with some decisive actions of its own, the strike might have been effective enough to prompt Reagan to seek some face-saving settlement. But the administration was convinced that the firings would not provoke a tough response from labor leaders, who could have kept the planes grounded by directing maintenance personnel to respect the controllers' picket lines. The bet paid off. PATCO is somewhat unpopular among rank-and-file unionists, who resent the controllers' unabashed efforts to secure the same privileges and status enjoyed by the pampered, politically conservative Airline Pilots Association. And union leaders, understandably reluctant to chance a confrontation with the president by going all out in support of an illegal strike, rebuffed PATCO's pleas for active support. Labor support for the strikers so far has remained confined to the mimeograph machine.

Notwithstanding the president's abandonment of his campaign promises to the controllers, the strike was wrong. But it is open to question whether the government ever bargained in good faith. PATCO has filed an unfair labor practices complaint with the Federal Labor Relations Authority, alleging that the government refused even to consider any but four of the 99 proposals the union brought to the table. Other evidence suggests that the administration had no intention of dealing with PATCO fairly. The government's inflexible stance in its negotiations with PATCO contrasts dramatically with its willingness to compromise in recent talks with the American Postal Workers Union. The postal workers, who are also forbidden to strike, were on the verge of walking out on July 21. But the postal service suddenly acceded to the union's principal demands: an uncapped cost-of-living adjustment and a continuation of the strong restrictions on the power to lay off workers. Why was the government so much more willing to accept compromise with the postal union than with PATCO? First, there are over 600,000 postal workers (more than ten times the number of air controllers) and any attempt to fire them would have paralyzed the postal system and would have become a full-blown political and economic crisis. Second, the postal workers were threatening to call their strike at the beginning of a crucial week in Congress's consideration of the president's economic program. The administration chose to cave in to the postal workers rather than to risk a showdown that might end in defeat and would certainly divert attention from the business of cutting social programs and subsidizing the rich. The PATCO dispute came at a more auspicious moment. The administration's economic program is in place and, buoyed by his successes on Capitol Hill, Reagan found it hard to resist one last political coup before he departed for his vacation at the ranch. With his union-busting successes, he neatly concludes his summer's work on the economic package and social causes he intends to start concentrating on in the fall.

In their haste to make an example of PATCO, administration officials have skirted normal procedures that would have left open the possibility for negotiations. The Civil Service Reform Act of 1978 stipulates that a government employee be given 30 days to respond to a notice that action toward dismissal is being taken. Reagan shortened this period to seven days by executive fiat, a prerogative usually reserved for cases involving threats to national security. Moreover, the administration's public statements have violated the jurisdiction of the Merit Systems Protection Board, the agency that renders final judgment on whether a federal employee may be dismissed.

In 1970 President Nixon was confronted with illegal job actions by postal workers and air traffic controllers. In both cases Nixon began the dismissal pro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ceedings, and used that power as leverage to settle the strikes quickly. From the beginning of the strike Reagan has refused to talk to PATCO, which is still the legal bargaining agent representing the controllers. Reagan has done more than bend the law; he has broken it. For good reason labor laws require that bargaining continue, regardless of union members' behavior. If Reagan had obeyed the law the country might have been spared the expense and inconvenience of a drastic reduction in air transportation. According to business estimates, the cut in air service is now costing the country about $1.5 billion a month. Drew Lewis admits that it will take at least 20 months to get the system back to normal, which means that Reagan's intransigence will cost us about $30 billion. Tax cut or no tax cut, his is an awfully expensive style of leadership.

The Clean Air Wheeze

The Reagan administration has executed a tactical retreat on the Clean Air Act. The original battle plan had called for a new version of the act to be submitted this summer. By June, a detailed draft had already been leaked and was making the rounds. It called for repealing 51 provisions of the existing act and relaxing 64 others—changes which, according to Senator Gary Hart, chairman of the National Commission for Air Quality, "would make the Clean Air Act optional." An uproar ensued, and, by August, the administration had decided that the time was not yet ripe. So instead, in a classic piece of bureaucratic procrastination, it issued an 11-point list of "basic principles" which eventually will provide "a general approach for new legislation."

The 11 "principles," each a sentence or two long, seem innocuous enough at first glance. But on closer examination it becomes clear that nearly all of them are booby-trapped, and that this particular tactical retreat is designed to prepare the ground for a more ferocious assault later on. Principle One, for example, reads as follows:

> 1. The Nation should continue its steady progress toward cleaner air.

That sounds unexceptionable; the booby trap is the word "steady." Questioned by reporters, Anne M. Gorsuch, President Reagan's administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency, explained that it means at "a more reasoned"—i.e., slower—"pace."

Or take Principle Six:

> 6. States should be accorded a full partnership in implementing the Nation's standards. The Federal Government will monitor state achievement of national health and welfare standards.

"Monitor" is the booby trap here. The states already have a "full partnership" in implementing the act. The difference is that under present law the federal government doesn't "monitor" standards, it enforces them.

Principle Eight is another one-liner:

> 8. Research on acid deposition should be accelerated.

That sounds good, too. But don't step on that word "research"—it's got a tripwire in it. Acid rain has already turned hundreds of lakes once teeming with fish into lifeless pools of a liquid that more closely resembles vinegar than water. The issue is a major source of friction between the US and Canada. The only groups that still think "research" is the appropriate response to acid rain are the polluters themselves, and now the administration. Everyone else thinks it's time to supplement the studies with some action.

The "principles" are vague enough to leave the administration plenty of room for maneuver. But they point in a direction that would make federal clean air mandates discretionary. This would mean that the executive, not Congress, would decide what is and is not clean air, and it would deprive citizens' groups and local governments of the option of taking a state to court if it fails to meet federal standards.

It is becoming more and more apparent that the federal government has switched sides in the battle for clean air. Ever since the original Clean Air Act was passed in 1970, Washington has served as a mediator between the environment and its polluters, and it has tended to side with the environment. Now it's the federal government that's shooting holes in environmental legislation. Even industry (with the exception of the Business Round Table, which, in advocating cost-benefit accounting of health standards, calculated the value of human lives at $550 apiece) takes a somewhat more moderate, conciliatory approach. Some business groups, such as the National Environmental Development Association, actually favor peaceful negotiations with environmentalists.

If the administration takes a tougher line, it should come as no surprise. President Reagan's views were apparent long before his inauguration. In one of his more memorable campaign pronouncements, Reagan asserted that air pollution has been "substantially controlled" and that trees were to blame for most of it anyway. He said this at a time when scores of Los Angeles residents were being admitted to hospitals because of a smog crisis. Jimmy Carter's Environmental Protection Administration was peopled, logically enough, with environmentalists. Reagan has filled those jobs with former corporate lawyers and lobbyists for pollution-prone industries. And the administration's budget ax has cut more deeply into EPA than into any other part of the government. The agency's real budget, after inflation, has been cut nearly in half, and its research program has been reduced by a third. This last reduction is meant to help eliminate what the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Office of Management and Budget calls "budget risks"—the danger that research might uncover a problem that would then require public expenditures to solve. This curious what-you-don't-know-won't-hurt-you approach to environmental protection is already having its effects: at a time when the auto industry is about to put out a new fleet of diesel cars, the administration has eliminated EPA's research program on toxic substances in diesel exhaust. Taken together, the administration's "principles," appointments, and budget cuts seemed designed to turn what has been an enforcement agency into one whose primary function will be hortatory—a kind of environmental version of the President's Council on Physical Fitness.

A recent Harris poll shows that the Clean Air Act enjoys the support of 86 percent of the population. Clean air is more popular than tax cuts or budget cuts—more popular, even, than the president himself. If the administration's actions so far are any indication of what its final position on the act turns out to be, a nasty battle seems inevitable. We hope that the Democrats (and what is left of the moderate Republicans) join the battle wholeheartedly, and, this time, win it.

Butter doesn't suit the works.

No Spread for Red Bread

On June 9 the Reagan administration announced that it was lifting the grain embargo imposed on the Russians by President Carter following the Russian invasion of Afghanistan, and that it would allow the Soviet Union to buy up to nine million tons of United States wheat and corn. At about the same time, the administration also announced that it intended to sell 426 million pounds of surplus butter to foreign countries, evidently, in the original conception, including Russia. Enter the secretary of state, Alexander Haig.

One White House source, unidentified in the press, was reported as saying that Haig was "eloquent and convincing" in making the case against the sale of butter to the Russians. Wheat for bread and corn for oleomargarine were all right, said Haig, but butter? No. According not only to Haig but also to "top advisers," butter would "send the wrong message" to the Soviets. Neither Haig nor the "top advisers" explained what the "wrong message" would be, but it is now established that the sale of butter is the line at which commercial exchange with the Russians is to be drawn. The secretary evidently has an exquisite appreciation of butter as an instrument of high-level diplomacy. He understands the judicious use of the carrot of oleomargarine and the stick of butter. And he knows that the ready availability of butter may be the critical distinction between a free capitalistic society and a totalitarian Communist one.

There is a view that the use of butter in Russia would strengthen the hold of the Communist party over the country, and possibly strengthen the belief of the people in the system. If this is Haig's theory, it is one that runs counter to the theories of some Sovietologists, who hold that the Communist system can be broken down more easily and quickly by exposing Soviet citizens to the good things of Western civilization than by denying them these pleasures and threatening them with war. Senator Robert Taft, the elder, was one who held to this point of view. Advocates of this theory urged our government to encourage the establishment of an automobile industry and automobile culture in Russia, thereby giving the Russians a taste of the good mobile life, getting them hooked on fast cars, and, at the same time, because of the cost of maintaining that culture, significantly reducing the Russian potential to support a large military effort.

The significance of butter relative to war and competition with the Communists was emphasized by spokesmen for the administration of President Johnson during the Vietnam War. The nation was regularly reassured that the US economy was so strong that America could have both guns and butter. The secretary of defense went further, asserting we could have two wars like that in Vietnam and still have butter.

It may well be that the craving of the king in the nursery rhyme who insisted that all he wanted "was a little bit of butter for his bread" is universal, marking the peoples of free, democratic, nonmonarchic societies and those of authoritarian and totalitarian societies as well. Furthermore, as an extension of the theory that meat-eating nations are more successful in war than fish- or cereal-eaters, it may be that nations that have both guns and butter are more satisfied, more patriotic, and more likely to be successful in war than those that operate on guns and oleomargarine. In any case, it is clear that Secretary Haig intends to hold the line, or better, maintain the spread.

The administration has realized that there are practical problems in controlling the ultimate disposition of butter once it enters the channels of international trade. Butter is not as fluid or liquid as oil, but once butter is out of the freezer and into the hands of international merchants there is a possibility that, like weapons, it may be resold by the original purchaser. Poland is a case in point. In April of this year the United States provided $73 million worth of dried milk and butter to Poland. It is possible that under pressure Poland might trans-ship and resell this butter to Russia, thus frustrating the Haig objective of keeping American butter out of Russian hands and off Russian bread, even though the bread may have been made from American wheat. The administration's answer is to use New Zealand as the key to a complex butter-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

laundering operation. Haig will take the butter originally destined for sale to the Russians at a high price and sell it to New Zealand at a low price. New Zealand doesn't really need it; in fact, New Zealand has a gigantic butter surplus. Once the canny dairymen from Down Under have the American butter in hand, they plan to increase their own butter sales to the Soviet Union by a like amount. The price will be seven and a half cents per pound more than the New Zealanders will have paid for Haig's butter. Asked about the logic of all this, Secretary of Agriculture John R. Block replied, "Don't talk to me about the logic of it, because I didn't formulate the logic." But as Haig understands, logic isn't the point. If subsidizing the New Zealand dairy industry is what it takes to keep the polar bear caged, America is ready to bear that burden.

THE difficulties facing Haig and the Reagan administration are not wholly new. In a somewhat different form and context they had to be dealt with by the United States government in the early 1960s after the United States cut off sugar imports from Cuba and allocated the Cuban sugar quota to other countries. The protectors of American security and integrity at that time insisted that no Communist-produced sugar be imported into the United States. All seemed to be going well. The Cuban quota was being distributed among non-Communist countries, including a few dictator-controlled countries. For some reason a remarkably small quota was given to Ireland—10,000 tons, approximately one boatload. The reasons for this small allocation were never clearly explained by the Kennedy administration, although there were persistent rumors that members of the president's family in Ireland raised sugar beets.

The calm was disturbed when it was discovered that Ireland, while preparing to ship sugar to the United States, was at the very same time importing Communist sugar from Poland (at that time Polish Communism was less popular in the United States than it is today). The controversy was settled, and the Irish quota approved, when the Irish government promised that the sugar shipped to the United States would be pure Irish sugar, raised in the old sod, processed and handled by non-Communist Irish, and therefore wholly fit for American consumption. The Irish would themselves consume the Polish Communist sugar and take their chances on the consequences. Quite possibly the State Department could extract similar commitments from any country to which we sell butter so that we could rest secure in the knowledge that Russian Communists were not eating butter produced from cream produced by contented or discontented United States cows.

Eugene McCarthy

Eugene McCarthy is a poet and occasional presidential candidate.

Pass Go, and collect Conoco.

Playing Monopoly

Capital formation is the bipartisan buzzword rationalizing tax relief for the wealthy. Not a dime is left in the corporate cash box to buy so much as a can of oil to refurbish the antiquated American industrial plant. We spent all the money, it seems, on food stamps and affirmative action, so now we must let up on the rich people to get them to invest in new machinery so we can compete with the hated and feared Japanese. No sense in giving the $20,000-a-year family a tad of tax relief. The unpatriotic buggers would only go out and blow the dough on food and fuel.

Capital forms quickly enough when there's a merger in sight. Nary a dime on Monday, but just tell a banker your name is Mobil or DuPont and you want to buy Conoco and they're lined up offering you billions. Lordy, the dough-re-me comes out fast from under Chase Manhattan's mattress when the merger mania gets hold of Wall Street and the lesser canyons of finance in Dallas and Los Angeles. In the past few weeks, Chase Manhattan and Citibank have been able to line up about $19 billion for companies intent on making a big buy, no matter how wacky or asymmetrical the purchase may be. Behold! Armand Hammer's Occidental Petroleum buying Iowa Beef Processor, the largest meat packer in the country, with sales of better than $4.5 billion last year. And they tell us the oil industry must have tax relief to buy its poor self a few bits and drills to get us a drop or two more native American crude. But then Metromedia formed enough capital to pay $220 million for one lousy television station, WCVB-Boston. Prudential has bought itself one of Wall Street's largest stock jobbers, the Bache Group. The list is impressive.

Yet seldom has the antitrust sentiment been less vocal. Mobil's attempt to unite with Conoco incited the most moderate of protests, although this would have been an oily union between the second- and ninth-largest companies in America's least-loved industry. Maybe the trust-busters are fagged out after nearly a century of playing the chaperone, trying to keep ardent corporate lovers out of each other's arms. Maybe the threat of monopoly via mergers and acquisitions doesn't appear as socially deleterious as it once did. Look at the great turn-of-the-century trusts that so upset the liberals of Teddy Roosevelt's generation, and you see that before the Justice Department could get at most of them they busted themselves. By the time the courts decreed Rockefeller's Standard Oil trust must be broken up, its monopoly had been snapped by the rise of the Mellons and their Gulf Oil Company. The American Tobacco Company's monopoly simply didn't work and the greatest merger acquisition package of the age, J.P. Morgan's US Steel Corporation, is a textbook case on how so many huge

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mergers end up being more dangerous to the stockholders than to the public at large.

The cost of putting US Steel together left the new company soaked with debt owed to the former owners of the corporation's constituent parts. The reasons advanced for giving birth to this monster were vertical integration and economics of scale. Wonderful efficiencies were promised by integrating everything from iron mining to steel fabricating. Indeed, the sheer size of the enterprise was thought to make for lower costs and more profits, but then, as now, this absurd carcass was assembled by funny money financiers, not men who knew how to make steel. Charlie Schwab, the one steelmaker in the crowd, balked at being bossed around by the bookkeepers. He quit to go off and found the smaller, more efficient, and much more profitable Bethlehem Steel Company. Morgan's great monopoly was left to lose, even with tariff protection, a little bit of its market dominance every year until it devolved into the played-out mess it is today.

In the first merger wave, circa 1900-29, they told us bigness was bestness. Economies of scale was the slogan. In the next merger boom, that of the 1960s, the password was "synergism." Put together a package of companies that are wholly unrelated and have them run by a group of executives with firsthand knowledge of none, and presto! Red ink!

On Wall Street, where the boys can get as metaphysically fuzzy as a social gospeling nun, they still remember that corporate cathedral to synergism called Ling-Temco-Vought, the meat-packing, electronics, drugs, steelmaking, aerospace, sports conglomerate now called LTV. This higgledly-piggledly mishmash was sometimes referred to as goofballs, golfballs, and meatballs. Then it went behind the 8-ball and now, years later, though it's still heavy with debt, there are hopes for it.

One of the ways LTV has saved itself is through dis-mergers, that is, divesting itself of companies it can't run. That indicates somebody's got some smarts, but what does one say about Mobil chasing after Conoco, waving billion-dollar bills, when back at home it has a girl named Montgomery Ward that it bought a few years ago and can't run, if the arcs of red ink spurting out of this stricken retailer are any indicator?

The cost to the society for this kind of nonsense hasn't been calculated, but it must be awesome. After the stockbrokers and the executives have run off with their fees and special commissions, the stockholders, the employees, and sometimes the taxpayers are left to pay for the mess. And a mighty mess it can be, as we who are still paying for the Pennsylvania and Grand Central railroad mergers should keep in mind.

Some mergers make good business and social sense, like G. Heileman's takeover of Schlitz. Here is one company with excellent management and a masterly grasp of the business getting hold of another with large production capacity and a dearth of talent in the executive suite. That makes a lot more sense than DuPont buying an oil company for reasons that sound little better than a spur-of-the-moment shopping spree.

In Washington any murmer of criticism of these big deals is met with Attorney General William French Smith's not original dictum that "bigness doesn't necessarily mean badness." No, not necessarily, but it's safe to presume it. Extremely large organizations are excruciatingly difficult to run well without waste and without developing infuriating characteristics like arrogance and complaisance. French Smith and his buddies have spent their political lifetimes excoriating big labor and big government. Big business ain't any better and in some ways it's worse.

Big business means big bucks and big bucks mean big clout, heavy power. If greater efficiency, greater wealth, greater anything better for the commonwealth were even to be promised by these mergers, one might accept these new agglomerations of power and influence to the already too powerful. None of this is even promised. The only gains vouchsafed are financial. The money men putting these packages together don't even claim they will result in greater production or productivity or more of anything our country needs.

It's just more dough for them and more power. But the poor darlings need it. Mobil is having such trouble finding a pulpit to use to get across its heartfelt concerns. If only it could have gotten Conoco in its belly, it figured maybe it could make some small mark on the world. Too bad. Mobil, Conoco, and the rest of us will just have to settle for better living through chemistry.

Nicholas von Hoffman

Coming:

James Watt's Wyoming.

Public TV goes commercial.

Upscale, Downscale

Fifteen years ago, while idealists foresaw in public television dazzling cultural possibilities, advocates of free enterprise called public TV a subsidy for the rich. The detractors were to be proved, in part, correct. A good many people who work for the Public Broadcasting System, and a good many who watch PBS, are indeed wealthy. But this criticism seemed small-minded when one considered that the most accessible communications medium in history might be used to edify rather than merely divert. In a letter to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carnegie Commission on Educational Television, which invented the government-funded Corporation for Public Broadcasting in 1967, E. B. White set a high but attainable standard: "Noncommercial television should address itself to the ideal of excellence, not the idea of acceptability." He pointed out that acceptability—or, more precisely, marketability—had kept "commercial television from climbing the staircase." The line was drawn. To cling to free enterprise was to favor "Ozzie and Harriet." To champion public television was to envision a day when ghetto children might develop a taste for Jacobean tragedy. For once, liberals could tell conservatives that *they* were on the side of civilization.

Noncommercial television was a good idea, but it was never really carried out. Federal funding to this day only covers one-quarter of the cost of public TV and radio; most of the rest of the money is raised by methods that honest people can only call commercial. The disinterested pursuit of excellence is interrupted at regular intervals by pledge week's frantic auctioneering, which is usually interspersed between reruns of public television's most. . .er. . .popular shows. And when an oil company underwrites a PBS series, it often freely admits its commercial intent. "We gain an image of quality," Joseph Downer, vice chairman at Atlantic Richfield, told *TV Guide* of his company's PBS underwriting. "Our sponsorship of the Wolf Trap concerts [televised from just outside Washington, DC] resulted in a tremendous response from people in government. And, my God, you walk into the departments, or the Congress, and you're identified as Arco, and there's a feeling of warmth. There's no question but that it's helpful to our lobbying effort." There's nothing wrong with bought respectability, but the respectable audience a big corporation seeks to please—senators, for instance, or undersecretaries at the Department of Energy—is more likely to watch something middlebrow like "Upstairs, Downstairs" than it is to watch something really unusual, like Japanese nō theater. Consequently, PBS programming rarely dares to be esoteric.

THE FACT is, most public broadcasters have been too eager to acquire a large audience. Some may argue that, simply because it *is* public, public TV should avoid exotic programming that will appeal to only a fraction of the television audience. But such people tend to forget that the whole idea behind public television is to show programs that *aren't* likely to appeal to a wide audience; if they were, they would be shown successfully on commercial television. This may seem a purist's view, but public broadcasting is based, after all, on a purist notion: the marketplace corrupts TV by emphasizing popularity over quality. If all of television were market-free it would be insufferable, not to say undemocratic. But surely we can set high standards for the one station reserved for specialized tastes. Why was "Upstairs, Downstairs" shown on public TV when it had proved commercially successful on the Independent Television Network in England, and was later to transfer successfully to syndicated stations in America?

If public TV can't be free of commercialization, it's not worth having at all. Cultural programming is already available on cable, so it's not as if the future of highbrow television were at stake. Public broadcasting is justifiable only by virtue of its accessibility (far greater than that of cable) and its goal of providing a noncommercial alternative. At the relatively low cost of just a few million dollars yearly, it can be a worthy institution—but only if it's true to its professed principles, which it compromises more and more as it loses federal dollars.

IT'S TRUE that, until now, market pressure on public broadcasting has done considerably less damage than market pressure on the networks—"Masterpiece Theater" is a lot less commercial than "Charlie's Angels"—but that may soon change. The Federal Communications Commission recently altered its rules to allow PBS and National Public Radio to broadcast company logos, as long as the logos aren't inherently promotional. What's a logo? I don't know. "I don't know what a logo is either," says John Kamp, who helped devise the new rule. A slogan like the *Chicago Tribune*'s "World's Greatest Newspaper" is clearly more advertisement than logo, Kamp says. But a jingle without lyrics or an eye-catching graphic probably qualifies. The FCC also decided to allow sponsoring companies to identify product lines, but stipulated that the identification can't be promotional. (Black and Decker can say it makes buzz saws, but *not* "fine" buzz saws.) Listing company locations is also permissible now. If McDonald's sponsors a program on the PBS station in Miami, it is allowed to list all the McDonald's restaurants in Miami.

If all this isn't advertising, what is? Commercials, of course. Congress has just authorized public broadcasters to run them, too. It has done this in the usual roundabout way, so that legislators avoid political embarrassment: by appointing a blue-ribbon panel to think the proposition over and, if it can't cook up any better ideas, allow up to ten public broadcasting licensees to experiment with commercials for one year. Participation would be voluntary, and everyone is quick to say that this is "only an experiment." But it's hard to imagine that there would be a dearth of impoverished public TV or radio stations willing to sell their souls.

The idea emerged from the House Subcommittee on Telecommunications, Consumer Protection, and Finance as a way to cheer up public broadcasters after President Reagan's budget cuts. The Corporation for Public Broadcasting, which funds PBS and NPR, expected to get $172 million for fiscal year 1983; instead, it got $137 million, and seven million dollars less than that for fiscal years 1984, 1985, and 1986.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Public broadcasters were bound to be unhappy with this state of affairs, but Representative James Collins, Republican of Texas, thought they might be slightly less unhappy if the institutions that underwrote PBS and NPR shows were allowed to advertise. Collins thinks that public broadcasters would be much better off "if they knew how private enterprise works." But he sounds more concerned about corporate stockholders, who he fears may not be getting their money's worth out of public television. "No one questions advertising," Collins says matter-of-factly, "but they do question grants." Collins's idea caught the imagination of another Republican on the committee, Tom Tauke of Iowa, and together with the more reluctant (and Democratic) committee chairman, Tim Wirth of Colorado, they conceived an experiment. Both institutional and product advertising would be allowed, with restrictions only on political and religious advertising. (The final reconciliation amendment adds, puzzlingly, "Licensees shall not be authorized or required to broadcast any advertisement which is intended to promote any opinion or point-of-view regarding any matter of public importance or interest.") No one seems to have a clear legal or philosophical explanation for the exclusion of political and religious commercials, but some committee staffers hint that there's a general snobbish feeling that soapboxing and Baptist sermonizing are just too tacky for public TV.

THE AUGUST body that is to conduct this yearlong experiment and then make its recommendation to Congress will be full of representatives from public broadcasting: the heads of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, NPR, and the National Association of Public Television Stations, plus one representative from a public TV station and one from a public radio station. That's one vote shy of a majority. Among the remainder—the chairman of the FCC, the assistant secretary of commerce for communications and information, and chairmen and ranking minority members of the House and Senate committees that oversee public broadcasting—there's bound to be someone who will think that public broadcasters know best about what's best for them. And the public broadcasters are bound to decide that more money is what they need. If that means commercials, so be it.

Although commercial advertising is a violation of public broadcasting's very purpose—to provide programming that is free of the market pressures that degrade commercial TV and radio—station managers almost certainly will leap at the chance to advertise. Partly this is because the flow of public funds will slow to a trickle, at least for the duration of this administration (and the slowing probably will be aggravated as taxpayers voice outrage over their subsidizing of commercials on PBS and NPR). But mostly it will be because it is very difficult for any organization to resist a course of action that will bring in more money. What's a 30-second deodorant commercial compared to laying off three technicians? Or, more dramatically, what's four minutes of ads per hour (strategically placed between programs, as the law allows) compared to going out of business? As one congressional staffer puts it, "How pure do you want to be at the risk of not having public TV anymore?"

It's especially disheartening to see that the idea of making public TV more commercial has received mild acceptance in the press. It's no surprise, of course, that *Advertising Age* is all for it. But what reason could the *New York Times* have had for its cynical endorsement? "Just as there has been a clear public interest in supporting an alternative service in recent decades, there is a public interest in maintaining it until the future is clear," the *Times* instructs. Even if it is maintained in a manner that betrays its original purpose? Perhaps the *Times* has forgotten the meaning of the term "noncommercial." Or perhaps it simply can't imagine the extent to which commercialization can compromise TV and radio. But if that's the case, why does it support PBS and NPR at all?

Timothy Noah

How babble drove me psycho.

My Word

Admitting new words into the English language is serious business in the offices of the Dictionary Division of Houghton Mifflin Company in Boston. Freelance readers scour newspapers and periodicals for neologisms and new uses of old words. Their submissions become candidates for the next edition of the *American Heritage Dictionary*. Editorial director Fernando de Mello Vianna and his colleagues scrutinize these files with care. No one wants to invite to the party new words that turn out to have nothing to say and merely stand by the buffet table, taking up valuable space. A few years ago the new usage of the old intransitive verb "streak"—to race around unclothed—was deemed too ephemeral and frivolous to be seated between "stray" and "streaky."

My favorite file at Houghton Mifflin, marked "psychobabble," has been gradually filling up with citations from *Time*, *Life*, *Reader's Digest*, and other magazines. There is a recent addition to that file, a letter that contains the "authorized" definition, written by the person who invented the word "psychobabble" in 1975. Why is this of consequence to me? I wrote the letter.

"Psychobabble" has not yet been granted full citizenship in the English language, but it has resided comfortably in popular speech for the past few years. This is ample reward for the coiner. It is pleasant to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

overhear people at the next table in restaurants routinely use a word that owes its existence to you, or to be surprised by it on "The Rockford Files" or "The Dick Cavett Show." Word-invention may not be on the same scale as inventing gunpowder or movable type, but it is nonetheless a way of attaching oneself loosely to history. For a writer it's especially gratifying—contributing to the raw material from which one fashions an occupation. I like to think that where once there had been a linguistic lacuna, a slight groping in people's speech, I have provided an assortment of syllables that allows them to proceed effortlessly with what they were trying to say. The need for the word "psychobabble" was so pressing that when I published *Psychobabble*, a book that criticized certain trends in American popular psychology, so much more attention was drawn to the word than to the book that I had the sensation of having been the author of a book-length word. "What a wonderful term!" exclaimed the woman interviewing me over the phone before an appearance on a television talk show. "It expresses the confusion of an entire generation." "It's a marvelous word, honey," an older relative of mine said. "The girls at the club were using it in conversation just the other day." In *Time* magazine I appeared in the "Behavior" section as the creator of a new word, not in the "Books" section as the creator of a new book.

As people embraced the word and left stacks of the book untouched in bookstores, I wondered whether I should have bothered with the book's other 69,999 words. It wouldn't have paid as well simply to publish the word, authors' advances for single words being smaller than those for entire books, but it would have been less time-consuming and at least I would have a plum addition for my résumé: "Supplies words for the English language."

HOWEVER, word-invention has its difficulties and there are circumstances for which the incipient neologist ought to be prepared. People don't have to pay you for using a word you've invented. This is a shame, since even a modest royalty for the use of "psychobabble" would have catapulted me several tax brackets upward long ago. One can't legally use someone else's music or lyrics for commercial purposes without paying a royalty, but a new word enjoys no such protection. The Copyright Office flatly refuses to register "claims to exclusive rights in the names of products or organizations, pen names, stage names, titles, catch words, slogans, advertising phrases, mottoes, and the like. This is true even if the name, title, phrase, or expression is novel, distinctive, or lends itself to a play on words." That leaves me and "psychobabble" out in the cold.

Shortly after *Psychobabble* was published in 1977, an article appeared in a magazine called *Woman* that was titled, "Psychobabble: the new jargon of self-examination and how to hold it at bay." It bore a striking resemblance to a cover story—the germ for the book—I had written for a national magazine in 1975 called "Psychobabble: the jargon of candor." The *Woman* article gave me credit for the word itself, but not for the arguments and phrases in the piece that I recognized from my own work. Shortly *before* my book came out, west coast writer Cyra McFadden published her new-age soap opera, "The Serial," and the *New York Times* ran a piece about her with the headline, "Chronicler in 'Psychobabble' Tells All About Her Neighbors." The reporter wrote of the book and its author: "The result is a devastatingly funny parody written in what she calls 'psychobabble,' the language of its inhabitants."

IS THERE no justice, I wondered? Was McFadden also to get credit for being the second gunman in Dallas? And for writing *Quiet Flows the Don*? Two months earlier she had written a glowing endorsement of my forthcoming book to be used in an advertisement in the very same *Times*. Inventing words was a crueler business than I had imagined. Perhaps one had to have three or four new words under one's belt before establishing any credibility. So I promptly sat down and plotted new contributions to the language. Here's what I came up with:

> 'Stereospousal': pertaining to any person who has been married twice.
>
> 'Macrocanapes': hors d'oeuvres so large that dinner does not need to be served.
>
> 'Sitcomb': a grooming aid specifically designed for use while watching 'Three's Company.'

But in the end I settled for a letter to Cyra McFadden. She responded gracefully that she knew it was my word and had said so to the *Times* reporter.

I felt cheered until a few months later when, only weeks after my book appeared, the *New York Times Magazine* ran an article by Cyra McFadden entitled "Semantic Spinach: Or, Mellowing Out in Sunny California." The article expressed her contempt for California jargon. For 10 paragraphs she called the style of speech "semantic spinach," but then abandoned her phrase and substituted "psychobabble" for the rest of the article. She gave me credit for the word, but I was no longer in a mood to be pacified by small courtesies. I was a broken man.

Hell hath no fury like a neologist scorned, so when I happened to be in the offices of the *New York Times Magazine* soon after the McFadden article was published, I sauntered over to the desk of the editor who had worked on the piece. "Madam," I said, "I'm here to complain about an article you edited called 'Semantic Spinach: Or, Mellowing Out in Sunny California,' which reminded me vividly of my thoughts on the same subject, published recently in a book. I'm deeply wounded that I was not asked to write an article about mellowing out in partly cloudy Massachusetts."

The woman, who hadn't looked up once from her work, now asked: "What did you say the name of your book was?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I told her. "That's a marvelous word," she said, preoccupied with the undangling of someone's modifier on her video display terminal. "I've heard several people use it."

Then my book and I were featured in Thomas H. Middleton's Acrostic Puzzle at the back of the *Times Magazine*. If you got all the clues right, the first letters of the resulting words, reading down, spelled out the book's title and the author's name. If you correctly transferred all the numbered letters to the numbered boxes above, you could read the following sentences from the first chapter of my book: "Now the confessional genre has been appropriated by every other divorcee, adulterer, and successfully therapized individual. There is no end in sight to the truisms published as striking revelation, to the prurience parading as sociology." Statistics show that only 19 Americans were able to complete any part of this puzzle.

ONE thing I can say on behalf of Cyra McFadden and some others who borrowed my word is that at least they understood the gist of it. This brings me to another great peril associated with inventing a word: it assumes a life of its own in the vocabulary of its users. I myself have not always been clear on the definition of "psychobabble." When the word occurred to me, I was sitting at my desk in Boston on a rainy afternoon in 1975, trying to finish a book review of Russell Jacoby's *Social Amnesia* for the weekly newspaper where I worked. (Incidentally, after I left the paper, the editors, perhaps in deference to my feelings, often avoided using "psychobabble" without attribution in its pages by substituting a homemade synonym such as "psychogarble" or "mellowchat.") I had stopped typing in the middle of the piece and gone into a kind of cortical labor; my brain was straining to give birth to an as yet unknown word that would permit me to move on. Suddenly "psychobabble" popped into consciousness and was duly inserted on the page. "We are living, practically no one has to be reminded, in a therapeutic age," I wrote. "The sign in every storefront reads: 'Psychobabble spoken here.'" I had no idea the word would grow up to be a magazine cover story, a book, and one of Thomas H. Middleton's Acrostic Puzzles (actually, I was hoping for a cover story, a book, and a major motion picture).

Inventing the word was easy compared to determining its meaning. I had come up with a derogatory term to describe simplistic ways of perceiving and expressing oneself psychologically, the manipulative medium of short-order psychotherapy and pre-packaged enlightenment. But didn't psychobabble provide for economy of speech and greater access to discourse about human growth? When someone said, "I'm opening up a space where I can experience out all my negative programs," or "I'm taking responsibility for discharging my distress and achieving the absence of significant blocking pain," was that person in the advanced stages of terminal psychobabble or using a tribal tongue to signify complex and legitimate ideas? "Psychobabble" had a way of playing hide-and-seek with what I thought it meant. Only long after the word first occurred to me would I define it as "an idiom that reduces psychological insight to a collection of standardized observations, that provides a frozen lexicon to deal with an infinite variety of problems . . . a set of repetitive verbal formalities that kills off the very spontaneity, candor, and understanding it pretends to promote."

I was dismayed that many people were not at all troubled by these nuances of definition. Some people thought "psychobabble" was just a five-dollar word for any and all clichés. "Let's run it up the flagpole and see if it floats," I heard one businessperson say, to which her colleague replied, "That's a bunch of psychobabble." (No, it's not; it's two clichés and one mixed metaphor.) Others rejoiced because they saw in the word the perfect retort to any discussion of feelings. "You sound real upset," someone would say, only to be told, "Don't psychobabble." In her review of *Ordinary People* in the *New Yorker*, Pauline Kael described as "psychobabble in full bloom" a bit of flat dialogue that hardly qualified ("I don't know who you are. . . . I don't know if I love you anymore, and I don't know what I'm going to do without that"). Yet in the same review Kael herself was guilty of it ("Calvin has the possibility of becoming a decent, whole person, because he is willing to open himself to Dr. Berger. . .").

BUT THE most annoying misuse of all was by those very people who were most guilty of psychobabble in the first place; they simply added the word to their arsenal. The single best example of cooptation involved running into a woman whose psychobabbling I had quoted in the book (and whose identity I had taken pains to conceal). Fearing that she had recognized herself on the page, I braced myself. But she hugged me warmly and "acknowledged" what a "great word" it was. "Reading your book," she said, "made me feel very centered and together." I felt like a parent whose child had been abducted and the kidnappers had sent me the ear.

I console myself by thinking of all the other words that have fallen into bad relationships with their original meanings: "decimate," "fulsome," "inroads," "quixotic," and "medium rare." Take "structuralism"—the word is used by millions but understood by only seven people, and three of them are dead. But to protect myself in the future, I've decided to invent only words that represent physical objects, not ideas. I've recently come up with the word "grine" to denote the point where two fences meet. There may or may not be a book in it, but at least people will know damn well what I mean.

R. D. Rosen

R. D. Rosen is currently the television critic for the *Boston Phoenix*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

High on the Hog, III

Triumph of the Will

by Michael Kinsley

Louis Appell Jr. of York, Pennsylvania, told his family's sad story to a Senate committee in June. His ancestors founded a small pottery company in the early 1800s. Over the generations, the business has prospered. Today, the family owns a large ceramics factory. Also a television station, 14 radio stations, three cable systems, a billboard company, a dairy farm, and real estate interests. Mr. Appell estimates his family is now worth $20 million.

Perhaps you are wondering, "Where is the sad part?" Ah, dear reader, Mr. Appell fears that he is *mortal*. So, it seems, are the other Appells, despite their worldly success. As various Appells fall off the tree, the family may be forced to sell some of its properties to pay death duties. "For a family that wishes to maintain a certain unity and which is proud of its achievements, the implications are not only financially momentous, but emotionally traumatic as well." Think of the children, Mr. Appell implored. "We would like our children, and their children in turn, to have the same opportunities we, and previous generations, have had."

Well, America is the land of opportunity. At one time, this was thought to mean the opportunity to build a business empire, not the opportunity to inherit one. But Congress heard the pleas of Mr. Appell and a parade of other rich people in similar emotional distress. It did not vote them eternal life. (Probably no one thought of it.) But it did vote to ease substantially the burden of the federal estate tax.

Inherited wealth is a pleasant exception to the supply-side premise that prosperity in our society comes through socially productive effort. Some Americans prefer to be born rich instead. Nor do they usually take marginal tax rates into consideration before reaching this decision. Yet this rarely dampens their own enthusiasm for supply-side doctrines. "We are thrilled. We've finally turned things around. There is a limit on the amount of money you can take from hardworking people under the guise of compassion." So said Peter Grace, heir to the W. R. Grace shipping fortune, the day after the Reagan tax plan victory. Many such people worry that taxes are smothering the initiative it takes to have rich parents. "As a country, we seem determined to penalize at every turn those who are innovative, creative, motivated, and, above all, successful . . . ," said Mr. Appell in June. He went on to ask, "Does it make sense for the wealthiest nation on earth to eat its seed corn?"

Inherited wealth is also a dramatic exception to the notion that we are a society of *equal* opportunity. Everyone has an equal opportunity to be born rich, but at that point the opportunities diverge considerably. Both Mr. Grace and Mr. Appell have built their family businesses beyond what they inherited, no doubt contributing to national prosperity along the way. But it is considerably easier to develop a large ceramics factory (and a TV station and so on) if you start out with a small one. Wealth also brings incidental benefits—a superior education, health care, connections, a culture of deference—all of which give those who've inherited money a big lead in the game of life.

Defenders of inherited wealth often charge critics with hypocrisy on the question of equal opportunity. In *Free to Choose*, Milton Friedman discusses "the widespread belief" that the advantage of having wealthy parents is "not fair."

> Of course it is not fair. However, unfairness can take many forms. It can take the form of the inheritance of property—bonds and stocks, houses, factories; it can also take the form of the inheritance of talent—musical ability, strength, mathematical genius. The inheritance of property can be interfered with more readily than the inheritance of talent. But from an ethical point of view, is there any difference between the two?

Egalitarian sentiment, it's true, often consists of people who were born smart but not rich urging the government to eliminate all the advantages of being born rich, while preserving all the advantages of being born smart. True egalitarians should object to both types of advantage. But true supply-siders ought to be quite comfortable with the distinction. Rewarding inherited talent is capitalism's way of tapping that talent for society's benefit. Straining to find an equivalent role for inherited wealth, a pamphlet published by the American Enterprise Institute, the conservative think tank, was reduced to neo-Spencerian voodoo genetics:

> [I]n a free-enterprise economy, those who have become relatively wealthy are to a considerable extent those who have been relatively more successful in producing services valued highly by other people. . . . The characteristic of providing valuable services to others has higher survival value in a social order that permits inheritance than in one that does not, and it would seem quite impor-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tant to promote the survival of this characteristic rather than to promote its extinction. [*Inheritance and the State* by Richard E. Wagner, professor of economics at Virginia Polytechnic Institute.]

But if the opportunity for inheritance has no discernible supply-side effect on children, it does have some effect on parents and grandparents. For them, the pleasure of passing on wealth may be an incentive to productive effort—just like any of the other pleasures that only money can buy. So it's important to keep in mind that no one is proposing to abolish inherited wealth, or anything like it. The pressing policy question, based on the recent tax bill, is not whether inherited wealth should be taxed away, but whether it should be taxed at all.

ANY claim about the concentration of wealth or the role of inheritance in this country is sure to start a tedious, number-filled argument. But it's possible to state the obvious, and back it up with a few plausible figures. There are a lot of rich people around. One million dollars is not what it used to be, but it's not bad, and an estimated 575,000 Americans have got it. The biggest incomes generally come from ownership of capital, not from holding down a job. People reporting *incomes* of over a million dollars in 1978 (there were 2,041 of them) derived only 16 percent of that money from wages and salaries, compared to over 80 percent for the average taxpayer. Even for those reporting between $200,000 and $500,000 of income, less than half was from wages and less than two-thirds was from wages, professions, self-employment, partnerships, or farms. Because of how the tax system works, even these figures greatly underestimate the role of capital ownership in high incomes.

One responsible study concluded that as of 1972, a quarter of the wealth in this country (real estate, stock, bonds, cash, and so on) was held by the richest one percent of the population. Some say figures like this exaggerate wealth inequality by ignoring the "life cycle"—people are worth more as they grow older. Time will take care of that inequality for any individual, without altering the statistics. But some say the figures actually understate wealth inequality, because large piles tend to be held by many names.

Not all wealth is inherited, of course. But birth is by far the most common method of acquiring a fortune. A 1978 study by John A. Brittain of the Brookings Institution concluded, after various mathematical flourishes, that gifts and bequests account for at least half the wealth of wealthy men and most of the wealth of wealthy women. Four times since 1957, *Fortune* magazine has tried to track down and profile the very richest people in the country. Each time, over half of those *Fortune* found had inherited a substantial portion of their wealth, although many had managed impressive increments on their own. Even if the correct figure is only a quarter, rather than half, it still represents substantial erosion under the monument supply-siders have built to wealth as a reward for socially useful activity.

THERE are two schools of thought about what happens to inherited wealth over the generations. One school embraces the metaphor of "compound interest"; the other, the metaphor of "gambler's ruin." The "compound interest" school believes that, since the average investment makes a profit, fortunes, once established, will continue to grow indefinitely. The danger this poses to equality and, ultimately, democracy implies the need for stiff inheritance taxes. The "gambler's ruin" school argues that, since no one can do average indefinitely, luck will ultimately run out on any fortune, an event likely to be hastened by the fertility, extravagance, folly, and sloth of descendants.

There are few instances where the truth actually does lie somewhere in between, but this appears to be one of them. If the largest fortunes really grew by the law of compound interest, the Rockefellers would own us all by now. Someone once computed that if the Indians had invested the $24 they got for Manhattan at prevailing interest rates through subsequent history, they could buy it back again today, buildings and all. Somehow, no one has ever been that prudent. On the other hand, it is quite possible, without extraordinary effort or luck, to preserve the value of a fortune indefinitely while living off of it at the same time. Even before last month, taxes were not a barrier; now they are barely a challenge. Inflation has made the job trickier, but by no means impossible.

Legend has it that when one of the original Rothschilds was approached by someone with a more modest fortune, who asked how he could be sure of still having his fortune when he died, Rothschild handed

Consumers of Wealth

The Reagan administration has brought to public policy a new appreciation of rich people and lavish living. Supply-side economics holds that high-level consumption is the vital incentive and reward for "creators of wealth" who, by hard work, creativity, and daring, enrich society as a whole. Government must lower taxes on the rich to avoid snuffing this pilot light of capitalism. Since high-livers put more into the economy than they take out, concern about inequality is based on specious "zero-sum" reasoning which is ultimately harmful to poor and rich alike.

Earlier articles considered "business" expense accounts and oil profits in the context of supply-side theology. This is the third in a series examining whether consumers of wealth are really creators of wealth as well.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the man a gun and suggested that he use it immediately. This is not, presumably, the advice one would get if one posed that question to L.F. Rothschild Assets, or other organizations in the business of managing other people's money. The head of the United States Trust Company, possibly the best-known such organization, says, "There are multitudes of people who claim to be champions of the poor, the disadvantaged, and the helpless. But as far as I know, we are the only self-advertised reverse Robin Hood." This man's name is Daniel P. Davidson, but let's call him Dooh Nibor.

What you need in order to preserve your fortune, if you wish to concentrate on enjoying it, are (in rough order of importance): an investment adviser, to scan the horizon for profits; a lawyer, to minimize your taxes; an accountant, to keep track of it all; a broker, to execute transactions; and a banker, to keep custody of the documents proving that you really are rich. Different organizations provide these services in different combinations. The most complete service comes from trust companies and commercial bank trust departments, which will take care of everything and send you your spending money. Investment banks, brokerage firms, and other financial institutions have divisions that will manage your money, but not your life and your death. At the other extreme are "boutique" money managers, sometimes just a couple of well-tailored business suits and a fancy office suite, which often specialize in flashy investments and offer no total financial or legal planning.

Trust companies are discrete. Bessemer Trust advertises in the *Wall Street Journal* with the slogan, "Since 1907, Bessemer has been quietly cultivating people's fortunes." Nevertheless, Bessemer's senior vice president agreed to an interview with the remark, "I know you're on our side"—which seemed odd, until he called back a few days later to cancel, explaining, "I thought you were that Bill Buckley publication." Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, believed to be the largest manager of personal assets, also was disinclined to talk about this part of its business. United States Trust, Dooh Nibor's place, said an interview would be no problem at all, but could take several months to arrange.

BUT THE February 1981 *Town and Country* magazine contains an interesting profile of US Trust by Dan Rottenberg, apparently a journalist of some patience. US Trust is second to Morgan in managing personal assets. But "the Trust Company," as it is referred to, is unique in that managing rich people's money is really its major business. Most of the trust companies founded to serve the early American millionaires of the 19th century grew into full-fledged commercial banks. Today, even the trust departments of most banks are more interested in institutional investors, such as pension funds, than in private fortunes. But the Trust Company perseveres, with almost $10 billion under its management, some of it since 1853. Among other services, according to Rottenberg, it has been known to arrange funerals, hire maids, walk dogs, get theater tickets, and type children's term papers. The fee for this is a bit less than one percent of the pile every year, depending on how big the pile is. This is typical of the industry. US Trust is interested in your business if you have at least $300,000 to invest. But, says Dooh Nibor, "We don't want to deal with anyone but quality people." Other top firms emphasize quantity only, but often require a million or more.

TRUST companies and trust departments certainly sound like delightful institutions, but they're regarded as the dregs of the investment advising business—"the biggest abusers of people's money," according to someone at a snappier sort of outfit. Trust departments are not considered the fast track in a banker's career, and do not attract the most ambitious young wizards. A respectable appearance, good connections among the wealthy, and a nice widow-side manner are likely to be more prized attributes for a trust officer than financial acumen. In smaller bank trust departments in the provinces, one officer may be in charge of dozens of accounts.

Trust departments were slow to wake up to how the US economy has changed. It used to be easy to preserve a fortune and generate a modest return, if that was all you aspired to. You would simply buy long-term corporate or government bonds and live off the interest, which was collectible by submitting little dated coupons attached to the bond certificate itself. Hence the expression "clipping coupons" as a metaphor for wealthy indigence.

As recently as 1978, 30- and 40-year bonds were paying interest of eight or nine percent, and this was a decent return. Some bonds from the 1950s and 1960s that still haven't matured pay less than five percent. People who bought these bonds are sorry now. The interest they're getting doesn't even match the inflation rate, let alone give them any real return. Even so, they must pay taxes on this phantom income. And since interest rates have more than doubled, their bonds are worth only half their face value on the open market. Fortunes heavily invested in bonds have shriveled. Stocks—which represent shares in real assets and going enterprises—offer at least the hope of circumventing the erosion of the currency. And increases in stock values are taxed at very low rates, if at all. Today, even the most conservative financial advisers usually put most of their clients' assets in stocks. But the most respectable stocks also have not weathered recent economic storms so well. So financial advisers who are versed in more modish investments feel they have an important edge over trust departments, with their set old ways, and even United States Trust has started a "special investments section" to handle such relative exotica as real estate and energy exploration.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An officer of a prominent trust company said that if I gave him $10 million tomorrow, he could assure me with reasonable confidence of having $600,000 a year, or the equivalent in eroded dollars, indefinitely. That is, he thought he could achieve a six percent real return after inflation and his own fee. Since the Reagan tax cut is not yet in effect, I was unable to save up $10 million by the next day, so we'll never know for sure. But there is evidence to bear out his optimism. The investment records of private fortunes are, in a word, private. But many of the organizations that manage these also handle pension funds, whose records are public. A firm called Evaluation Associates, Inc., of Westport, Connecticut, puts out a publication called *Investment Manager Profiles*, comparing the performance of different organizations for the benefit of pension fund trustees. Though the situations are a bit different (pension funds needn't worry about taxes, but are limited by law in the risks they can take), the basic challenge is the same: to get the highest possible return on a pile of money. How have the professionals done lately?

OVER the six years 1975 through 1980, covering a very troublesome period for the economy, 86 advisers followed by Evaluation Associates achieved a median annual return of 12.95 percent on funds combining stocks and bonds (similar to the typical private portfolio). This means growth of 107 percent over six years, compared to a 67 percent rise in the consumer price index. The best performer, a small capital management firm, achieved 17.86 percent annually or 168 percent over the six years. The worst, a bank trust department, lost to inflation by a nose with 8.53 percent a year, or 63 percent for six years. These returns were on classic, conservative, low-risk investments, and were achieved despite the historic collapse of the bond market. During the same period, investors on the American Stock Exchange (home of smaller, non-blue-chip companies) achieved an average return of 379 percent.

So it's not hard to beat inflation. But what about taxes? After all, the top tax rate on investment income is 70 percent, though the new tax bill will cut it to 50 percent. Slicing seven-tenths off of even a 20-percent annual return would bring it down to six percent—less than inflation, let alone a real return to live on. But it would take generations of inbreeding to produce an heir stupid enough to pay 70 percent taxes. Capital income is actually taxed less than ordinary wages in this country, and inherited wealth is in some ways taxed least of all.

Working with your other retainers, your lawyer probably would recommend that you generate the cash you need to live on by investing part of your pile in tax-exempt municipal bonds. These pay less than taxable bonds, but not 70 percent less. Recently, long-term tax-exempt bonds have been bringing about 10 percent, compared to 14 percent for similar taxable bonds. This is an implied "tax" of less than 30 percent.

For the rest of your pile, the point is to find investments that offer capital growth, rather than interest or dividends (though these can be "sheltered" in various complicated ways). Capital growth—a rising stock price, or real estate value—is not taxed at all until the asset is sold. Unlike, say, a savings account, which is taxed every year, it can accumulate and compound for decades. When you sell, if ever, your "capital gain" is taxed at a maximum of 20 percent (about the same as the very *lowest* marginal tax rate on salaries, including Social Security).

Best of all, if you don't cash in the investment before you die, the profit during your lifetime escapes tax completely. Your heir also pays no tax until the asset is sold, and then pays only on the increase in value since you, and the asset, passed on. Senator Steven Symms of Idaho says that estate taxes should be abolished because "the estate was built with money that already has had tax paid on it." But at least a third of all inherited wealth is unrealized capital gains—money that has never been taxed at all. The latest estate tax exemptions, especially the unlimited exemption for spouses (reasonable enough on its own), should make passing assets through an estate an increasingly useful income tax dodge.

Proponents of a stiff tax on inherited wealth argue that such a tax helps to prevent dangerous concentrations of economic power, to make life opportunities more equal, and to generate revenue for the government. Opponents of a stiff estate tax argue that it discourages productive effort by the older generation, breaks up family businesses, and simply takes more money than the government is fairly entitled to. These philosophical issues need not detain us, since the United States does not have a stiff estate tax, and in a few years, thanks to the latest tax bill, it will barely have any estate tax at all.

THE ESTATE tax, like the income tax, has marginal rates of up to 70 percent and endless ways to avoid paying them. The Treasury Department has calculated that the actual effective tax rate ranges from 1.7 percent on estates of $175,000 (the smallest ones taxed) to about 18 percent on estates over five million dollars. The tax will fall on 2.8 percent of those who die in 1981, and will bring in $7.3 billion (about enough to pay for Aid to Families with Dependent Children). In the future, with a new exemption of $600,000, a new top rate of 50 percent, and other changes, the estate tax will fall on three decedents out of a thousand, and revenues will be cut by more than half. Under the new law, a married couple can pass on $1.2 million to the next generation without paying a penny of tax. By taking maximum advantage of the rule permitting tax-free gifts of $10,000 a year (up from $3,000), a couple with, say, two married children and four grandchildren can unload another $1.6 million over ten years.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our friend Mr. Appell of York, Pennsylvania, complained to the Senate committee that "virtually half" of his family's $20 million will go to death duties when he and two siblings die. He added that this was "hypothetical" since "the actual situation is far too complex to describe . . . ." Mr. Appell's hypothesis overlooks (as Mr. Appell's lawyers surely have not) the black art of estate planning. I once studied estate planning at the feet of its self-acknowledged greatest practitioner, a man who once told Congress—back when the rules were much more onerous than they're about to become—"We haven't got an estate tax. What we have, you pay an estate tax if you want to; if you don't want to, you don't have to." In the great man's course, we learned to think of an estate as a huge pile of money surrounded by Internal Revenue agents. You have a lifetime to "get out" as much as you can, and they get to keep whatever's left. Three times a week, we learned new techniques for "getting out" a bit more of the pile. Congress was debating a liberal tax reform bill at the time (long ago, needless to say). Congress would shut a loophole one day, and the next day the great man would open a new one before our eyes. "Any questions?" he would say. "Ask now, because after this course the answer will cost your client $600." By the end of the year, any student who could only "get out" half the pile before the angel of death signaled the end of the game would surely flunk.

SOME OF THIS legal necromancy is explained by Professor George Cooper of Columbia Law School in a Brookings publication about estate tax avoidance called *A Voluntary Tax?* The question mark is a gesture of scholarly piety. But Mr. Appell's estate planning may not require devilish legal potions like the charitable front-end annuity trust because he is the proprietor of a "small" family business. Family businesses and farms get pages and pages of special solicitude in the tax code. Among other breaks, they are permitted to pay estate tax bills over 15 years at an interest rate of only four percent. (When the government is paying 14 percent to borrow long-term money, deferring a tax bill for 15 years at only four percent is like reducing that bill by three-quarters.) Another provision sets the value of farm and small business property based on its "current use," and comes with complicated rules to assure that this ends up far lower than its actual value on the free market. The ostensible purpose of these special breaks is to prevent family farms and small businesses from having to break up when the patriarch dies. But the latest tax bill weakens all the rules designed to make sure that it really is a family business, and to deny the tax breaks when heirs sell all or part of it anyway.

There is no evidence whatever that the federal estate tax leads to the forced sale of family businesses or farms. Family businesses are sold because the heirs aren't interested in running them, or because a merger promises professional management and economies of scale, or simply because the business has become quite valuable and the family wishes to cash in. All the myriad federal tax breaks and subsidies for farmers may well be hastening the decline of the small farmer by raising the price of farmland and making it harder for newcomers to break in.

THE ESTATE tax is not an intolerable burden on productivity. But nor is it a model of progressive revenue raising. It does cause some distortions in the economy, as people arrange their affairs to avoid it. In its complexity, it probably produces almost as much money for lawyers and accountants as it does for the government. If the return on capital really were taxed at least once, at a rate similar to the tax on working income, the moral impetus behind taxing it again at death would be much weaker. In fact, the ideal solution probably would be to abolish the tax on wealth *transfers* completely, but to use death as an occasion to recognize and tax the capital *gains* that have accumulated over a person's lifetime, gains that now escape taxes. The Treasury Department estimates that this loophole in the income tax cost the treasury $5.1 billion in 1981, which is almost as much as the estate tax now brings in. But since, in its current mood, Congress is well on its way to abolishing the estate tax *without* closing this loophole in the *income* tax on inherited wealth, there is no reason for the inherited wealth lobby to be interested in such a trade.

The inherited wealth lobby goes by the charming name, National Committee to Preserve the Family Business. One reason for its success is that many local newspapers are family businesses. Like farms, newspapers have become fantastically valuable in recent years, leading publishers to contemplate the tragic effects on the nation of estate taxes. To aid their reflections, the "family business" group supplied a sample editorial during the recent tax debate in Congress:

> Today, estate and gift taxes—originally enacted to force holders of great wealth to give some of it back to the public—fall most heavily not on the super rich but on the small family business or farm. And they hit not 'swollen' fortunes but small businesses and farms swollen by inflation. . . .

The ability of rich people to portray themselves as members of the struggling middle class is one of the wonders of modern political life. Take Robert L. Spence, founder of the National Committee to Preserve the Family Business. Spence recently mourned to Robert Samuelson of the *National Journal* that the family lumber business was worth $150,000 when his grandfather died in 1955, but now (because of "inflation") it is worth $25 million. His father is shoveling out stock tax-free as fast as he can. "But if you earn a million dollars a year, you just can't give it away fast enough." Mr. Spence is very bitter. Is it his fault that his father is a multimillionaire?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Blowhard

In one very limited sense Brian De Palma resembles François Truffaut: he is an idiot savant. He knows a good deal about film and not much about anything else; and, which is important, he likes it that way. Truffaut, deplorably fluctuating in quality though he is, soars far above De Palma even within their mutual limitation, ranges much further in sensibility and ambition. But from De Palma we get the same fundamental Truffaut feeling: he hides behind a camera because he doesn't understand anything except what happens in front of a camera. To put it gently, this constricts what happens in front of his camera.

He underscores this—he underscores almost everything, but let's stick to this point—in his new film, *Blow Out*. First, the title itself, which does a wee bit more than suggest *Blow-Up*. Second, the key action of the film, which suggests *Blow-Up* again, as well as Coppola's *The Conversation*, which was spun off from Antonioni's film. The "blowing up" has to do with a sound recording, rather than a photograph. But the ultimate emphasis on De Palma's film-confinement is the opening and closing of *Blow Out*.

John Travolta is a sound-effects man and sound editor who works on sexy thrillers in Philadelphia. In a screening room at the beginning, he and a director are looking at a sequence for a new film. We start *inside* the interior film, as in Truffaut's *Day for Night*. We get to a sequence in which a girl in a shower, naked, of course, is murdered, as in Hitchcock's *Psycho* and De Palma's own *Dressed to Kill*. (De Palma is busily building his own codex for critics.) When the girl sees her assailant, she screams—weakly. We come "out" of the interior film as Travolta and the director agree that they need a better scream. The whole picture that follows can be seen as a quest for that scream.

Different girls are auditioned; nothing. Then Travolta accidentally is a witness—an audio witness, he has his recording equipment with him—of a car's plunge off a bridge. In the car, we learn, are a presidential hopeful and a girl. Chappaquiddick is reversed: it's the girl who survives. This leads to a series of events that finally provide Travolta with a recording of a girl's terrible scream. At the end of *Blow Out* we are back in the screening room, with the "real" scream dubbed into the shower scene. Everyone is now satisfied. "Good scream," mutters Travolta bitterly, knowing its provenance. So the main body of *Blow Out* has fed the marsupial-pouch inner film.

I've been shivering ever since I saw *Blow Out*. Not in the terror that was intended. I'm quaking as I think of the host of articles to come in film journals: "Stances of Reality in *Blow Out*: The Anatomy of Metaphor," and so on and on and on. It won't matter that the whole idea could not be more superficial or employed to more childishly ironic ends. In the film world, to attempt art is—for many critics—to achieve it.

Much drivel has been drooled about De Palma's skill. To me, he is like the graduate of a music conservatory who knows more about orchestration than poor Schubert or Brahms ever mastered and who devotes his knowledge to the imitation of Max Steiner film scores. If he made superior thrillers, as his idol Hitchcock often did, occasionally even exceeded, we could all be appropriately grateful. But to fail at a pop genre seems to me about the most wretched of failures for a would-be artist.

Only film intoxication, film idiocy, could have permitted De Palma to write a script in which, for instance, Travolta can dive long enough to rescue the girl from a submerged car and can have strength enough to break a car window with a rock under water, after which the girl recovers snappity-click. Or could have permitted De Palma to let a murderer, allegedly clever, follow a woman into the ladies' room of a huge railroad station, unobserved. (And how did the killer know there would be no one else in there? How did he know no one would come in while he was strangling her?) Only film nuttiness could have permitted De Palma to race a jeep right through blocks and blocks of a big parade, right through the ranks, without even hitting anyone. And so on. I've rarely felt such unsuspended disbelief.

We're supposed to assume, I assume, that the *cinematic* result, the texture of what's before us, justifies everything, but the texture of De Palma's work is simultaneously so self-congratulatory and so imitative that we're only more keenly aware of the film's silliness. The last scene between Travolta and the girl, played with unerring monotony by Nancy Allen, is set against a sky blazing with fireworks left over from Hitchcock. So are the overhead shots throughout the picture. (When the camera rises 50 feet over a squalid hotel bedroom, what happens to the squalor? Was the room a secret chamber in the Taj Mahal?)

Films Worth Seeing

The Great Muppet Caper. Well, maybe it's *not* great, but it's the Muppets, capering.

Heart to Heart. A tender but far from saccharine film about three Parisian sisters learning love. Anne Caudry is enchanting.

Numero Deux. Jean-Luc Godard making aesthetic disturbances again, verbally somewhat tiresome, visually often illuminating.

Stevie. Glenda Jackson, as the poet Stevie Smith, and Mona Washbourne, as her adored aunt, help to make this small English film a small gem with a gem's inner light.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Travolta manages to reveal glints of charm in a part that makes small use of his grace and romantic quality. The cinematography that De Palma has evoked from that master of the lush, Vilmos Zsigmond, is exemplified in one sequence, a murder in a vacant lot. Red lights flash on it from a builder's warning sign above. Not enough for you? The departing murderer passes escaping steam.

Dressed to Kill, De Palma's previous film, was odious. *Blow Out* is ludicrous. Onward!

Donald Sutherland is back in Britain again as a German spy during World War II. In *The Eagle Has Landed* he was Irish; now in *Eye of the Needle* he is solid English. Sutherland is supposed to be an especially gifted intelligence officer, particularly trusted by Hitler himself, but his quickness with a switchblade makes us wonder how he keeps escaping capture.

That's far from the least of the flaws in this script by Stanley Mann from Ken Follett's novel, and the adequate direction by Richard Marquand doesn't compensate. The script gets so moronic that it numbs Marquand in the last long section, though it's exquisitely photographed (by Alan Hume) on the western coast of Scotland. The first two-thirds of the story have been carpentered to put Sutherland there—supposedly on an island—with a beautiful woman (Kate Nelligan), her legless husband, their small child, and an old lighthouse keeper. Sutherland has in his possession the secret of the Allies' landing place on D-Day, which he must personally deliver to Hitler, knowledge that could well thwart the invasion. Sutherland is meant to radio a U-boat at a certain time to come and take him off. He is forced to murder the legless husband and the keeper in order to use the lighthouse radio. What keeps him from sending his message and getting away? Nelligan's charms. He beds her until it's too late. In fact, when she takes him to bed (it isn't the first time), she knows he has killed her husband and can't acknowledge that she knows it. Yet she is ostensibly enjoying herself. Talk about kinky!

Nelligan *is* lovely; still this story makes an odd point. If those Allied plans did not reach Hitler and the invasion was not repelled and the Germans were finally defeated and we're walking around today free of fascism, we owe it all to Nelligan's pelvis.

Robert Brustein on theater

Shakespeare Our Contemporary

The Lee Breuer version of *The Tempest* (directed with his wife, Ruth Maleczech) was performed in Central Park during the month of July as part of the New York Shakespeare Festival. With the notable exception of Jack Kroll of *Newsweek*, few had a kind word to say for the production, not even Michael Feingold of the *Village Voice*, who wrote an open letter to Breuer, his personal friend and sometime colleague, expressing concern over his creative misbehavior. The night I saw the show, the house was half-empty (for free Shakespeare!), and not a few walked out after the first act. When I spoke with the actors afterward, they seemed dispirited, demoralized. The rehearsal process had been difficult, with the two directors sometimes giving conflicting instructions, and the performances were fighting a losing battle with the technical apparatuses (including an actual helicopter which had been substituted for the ship in the storm scene).

Quite a mess, in short, and one has to concede the mess was discernible on stage. Yet I came away from the production feeling rather exhilarated. For one thing, this *Tempest* was evidence that Joe Papp was back in the ring, as feisty and unpredictable as ever, after a year (if my speculations are correct) when he was less preoccupied with supporting talent than with trying to mine another *Chorus Line*. Perhaps the commercial success of *Pirates of Penzance* has liberated Papp from the ledger sheets, again permitting him the kind of risk-taking for which he once was justly celebrated. Whatever the case, to commission an avant-garde tiger to gnash his teeth on Shakespeare in this age of artistic backlash was bound to be considered a provocation, if not the artistic equivalent of an act of terrorism. Breuer's reinterpretive techniques are more extreme than most, but the very idea of the "concept" classic is under heavy attack today, as scholars and critics place themselves before the sacred texts like an army of Switzers guarding the doors of the Vatican. It's almost as if the 18th-century battle between the Ancients and Moderns were being reenacted; I wonder how such landmark reinterpretations as Brook's *Midsummer Night's Dream* or Serban's *Cherry Orchard* would fare in this sour present-day climate.

OBVIOUSLY, the guardians differ over what is considered permissible, but in an episode typifying the current atmosphere, Lord Noel Annan was recently invited by the English departments of various Ivy League universities to excommunicate such heresiarchs as Peter Brook and Peter Hall (also Lord Olivier and Sir John Gielgud) for desecrating the holy relics of the bard with their irresponsible concepts and readings. Lord Annan took the opportunity to deliver himself of his own version of how Shakespeare passages should be rendered, declaimed in sonorous Cantabrigian accents that nailed every comma and semicolon in place. And in a stirring conclusion that left his enchanted auditors positively shimmering with gratitude, he then thundered out a paraphrase of General de Gaulle's patriotic exhortations to his laggard countrymen: "Honor the Word! Respect the Text!"

Few of the distinguished English professors who listened to Lord Annan with such rapt agreement were prepared to ask how the theater—a medium not only of language and intonation but of gesture, characterization, visual design, action—could ever respond to a demand so exclusively textual as to be possible only on radio. But then few people know what they mean when they speak of "traditional" Shakespeare. Is it to produce the plays in an authentic, Elizabethan manner? We have no knowledge of Shakespeare's original intentions and only a little more of the production style of his company at the Globe (well, we do know that Cleopatra wore a hoopskirt). Is it to revert to the declamatory, brocaded, Hamlet-agonizing-in-a-chair conventions of Maurice Evans and Margaret Webster? It may be that our notions of "tradition" are influenced by 30-year-old play-going

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

experiences, but I can't imagine anyone would be happy today with all that posturing and elocution. This is not to say that the acting style of our own time is necessarily superior, but at least it belongs to us. Classical production invariably will bear a contemporary stamp, because actors, those "abstracts and brief chronicles of the time," are our living contemporaries. Only in the study and the classroom can the text be truly honored and respected in the way Lord Annan demands, because only there are we free from actors and directors with their insistent, fleshly intrusions. But these are hardly places designed to show the "very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

TO RETURN to the matter at hand, Lee Breuer takes Hamlet's description of the purpose of playing literally—and therein lies the root of his current problems. His approach to *The Tempest* is virtually an act of translation—without changing the language (though he is not loath to reinterpret it), he has transformed Shakespeare's characters, action, and images into an idiomatic glossary of our time. Breuer's contemporary references are almost entirely influenced by the media, particularly movies of the 1930s and 1940s; his primary device is to discover recognizable parallels for the characters among the heroes and legends of popular culture (it is ironic that Breuer, along with Sam Shepard, is often charged with being difficult and inaccessible when both are merely trying to find a common language for the stage). Thus, Trinculo (played by a woman) speaks in the hip-swaying accents of Mae West; Stefano drawls and swills like W. C. Fields; Caliban has the cockney nerviness of Sid Vicious; and the shipwrecked (or helicopter-wrecked) villains of Naples and of Milan wear the slouch hats and three-piece suits of Italian godfathers. Meanwhile, the background music consists largely of songs from old Disney movies, and Ferdinand and Miranda perform their tasks to the tune of "Whistle While You Work."

You're probably recoiling just from this description, and it is true that the production often looks like a media blitz by a wizard of sleaze. For me, however, the technique was less offensive than wearing. Once Breuer establishes a cultural parallel, he does not provide sufficient wit or variety to sustain our interest in it; the comic shock is soon vitiated by repetition. In his effort to cut through the vapors of conventional Shakespeare, Breuer risks substituting a miasma of relentless unconventionality; even the constant effort to astonish becomes predictable. Still, it would be a shame if the flashy surface of this production obscured some of its real qualities, because there are aspects of the interpretation that go beyond novelty to touch something deep. One is the set, a revolving globe against the beautiful background of Central Park, which keeps the action continually mysterious, off-center, disorienting. Another is the startling entrance of a samba band during the masque scene which starts everybody on stage (and off) swaying and rocking. Still another is the presence of children in the play, as a symbol of freshness and renewal: Prospero's relationship with Miranda involves a flashback that shows her on the island as a young girl, among 11 Ariels (including a hefty sumo wrestler); four or five of these airy spirits are absolutely delightful, spunky sprites who charm the audience as much as they do their master.

BUT THE most significant example of the way Breuer's production escapes classification as an engaging bag of tricks is the ending. Prospero (coolly played by Raoul Julia) has been reinstated in his dukedom. Costumed throughout in a stocking cap and sarong, he is now dressed on stage in the clothes of a diplomat: shirt, vest, pinstriped suit, button-hole carnation. The other noblemen, similarly dressed and wearing name tags on their coats, come to join him for champagne and cigars, and to have their pictures taken by an official photographer, before flying back to Naples in their helicopter. Prospero is left alone on stage to liberate his Ariels. Another Prospero, wearing identical clothes and a mask resembling the face of Raoul Julia, is the last Ariel to go free. Having burned (rather than drowned) his book, Prospero then comes forward for the epilogue—removing the remote control microphone that he and the others have used throughout the evening and speaking for the first time without the aid of amplification: "Now my charms are all o'erthrown,/And what strength I have's mine own/Which is most faint." It is a moment that returns the human element to the play,

THE NEW REPUBLIC

SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

☐ I'm MOVING. My new address is entered below.

☐ I'm RENEWING. Extend my subscription a year.

☐ I'm a NEW SUBSCRIBER. Start a year's subscription for me. (one year, $32; foreign, $39)

☐ Check enclosed

☐ Bill me, please

Provide the following information (please print):

Name

Address

City State Zip

Moving?

Renewing?

For quickest service, affix a recent New Republic mailing label here.

31AB07

Mail to:

The New Republic
P.O. Box 955
Farmingdale, NY 11737

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

providing a self-mocking commentary on the very "charms" of the production, and its excessive reliance on technical aids, sleights of hand, and media transformations.

Breuer's self-consciousness here is oddly moving, and the way it moves suggests that something subliminal has been going on throughout the evening beneath the high jinks and the magical tricks. Even without these deeper resonances, however, the production would have deserved a less universally brutal reception. Shakespeare is sturdy and impregnable. He has survived a hundred thousand conflicting interpretations; he will survive Lee Breuer as well. The history of theater is not a compilation of definitive productions, but rather a dialogue, even a debate, among people of different perspectives, and among people, let us remember, of different times. Breuer's work on *The Tempest* is an honest effort to create a Shakespeare for our time. It is by no means a successful effort, but it was made by a genuine theatrical artist laying himself on the line and, as such, merits respect and attention, if not a bit of gratitude. Rather than savaging it and other such productions, we would do better to reflect on why our most violent reactions as a culture are usually reserved not for what is conventional, mind-deadening, and banal, but rather for those very rare occasions when an artist dares to risk, and fails through an excess of imagination and invention.

Mark Crispin Miller on television

'The air of expectancy was bursting at the seams'

Here it is, days after the exchange of vows, and I'm still groggy from having watched television's coverage of the royal wedding. I thought the sun would never set on it. First there were all those preliminary "specials," and then the day itself went on forever, a seeming eternity of coverage. From the dead of night into the afternoon, the stalwarts of the news stayed on the job, really *covering* the whole occasion, like soot. "You want something very, sort of, stirring," Prince Charles had said (referring to the wedding music), and that's exactly what the networks gave us: London, teeming and jubilant, half-appeared behind the networks' correspondents, who would not shut up, or get out of the way, but worked for hours to replace or adorn the images with their own dead commentary. They were as tiresome as those other creatures of television, people who talk behind you at the movies.

The pageantry *was* splendid, what you could see or hear of it, and there were, as if by accident, several moments of exquisite spectacle: Lady Diana's slow emergence from the glass coach, her bridesmaids unfurling her vast train; the choirboys, in their cassocks and thin ruffs; the congregation's magnificent closing chorus of "God Save the Queen." It was all pure gold for the cameras, but our reporters missed it because they couldn't stop babbling about it. Dan Rather, Peter Jennings, Barbara Walters, David Hartman, and their henchmen seemed intent on convincing us that this occasion was not trivial, but grand, handsome, "historic." They could have made the point by keeping quiet. (These impressions, incidentally, refer only to ABC and CBS. If I had tried to cover NBC as well, I might have lapsed into a coma.)

They couldn't keep quiet because their purpose was not to show us the royal wedding, but to show us that they were showing it to us. This is typical of television news. Supposedly "our window on the world," television ought to be the perfect medium for events such as this. "One of the things television does best," boasted Rather, "the thing we *do* best, is to *take you there*." It was true once, but it isn't true now. Back when television was younger and more modest, it could approach the world with a certain self-effacement; the camera often showed events as if it were a mere onlooker, like ourselves. But now that this medium is older, more successful, and aware of its vast influence, it has itself become the story, half-creating whatever it purports to reveal and calling it "news."

This was the case with the major issue of the week before the wedding: Lady Diana's crumbling nerves. The crisis of this nonstory occurred when the young bride-to-be, trying to watch her fiancé play polo, finally cracked under the pressure of all those journalists goggling at her. And there it was on television: Lady Diana slowly sinking into herself, then getting up and leaving in the middle of the game. This clip was accompanied by the usual bland exposition ("tears in her eyes . . . tension building for weeks," etc.) which presented the scene as it if were a natural occurrence, like an earthquake, which the cameras had just picked up by chance. The reporters were pretending that it had nothing to do with them, when it was, in fact, their doing.

In other words, the medium is itself the most insidious of boors, worse than any loudmouthed tourist or staggering gate-crasher; and those reporters covering the wedding did their jobs with suitable discourtesy. Conducting the blitz for CBS, the clenched and unctuous Dan Rather seemed unsure of his pose. Was he just a country boy, trying to fathom all this trumpery for the other sons of freedom back home? Or was he the CBS superjournalist, wearing the mantle of Edward R. Murrow and therefore obliged to cover this royal event with all possible savoir-faire? Not knowing which to choose, he tried them both by turns, going back and forth from mechanical awe to aggressive expertise.

HE KEPT crowing about how great the whole thing was, clearly convinced that no American would stand for it. The effort taxed his eloquence. He raved about a "wonderful procession," "a wonderful view of St. Paul's Cathedral," "a wonderful portrait" of the royal family, and on and on, showing off a critical vocabulary he must have learned from Lawrence Welk. He was also given to pushy outbursts of amazement ("What a picture of a bride!" "What a scene through that doorway of Westminster [*sic*] Cathedral!" "What an honor to be able to see this!"), and at one point went completely nuts, trying to put the whole thing into words: "Costumes, drama, music, animals, mysticism—*spectacular*!"

He was assisted in his anchor spot by Lady Antonia Fraser, who provided bits of monarchical biography, and David Frost, who did some general clarifying. It soon turned into a comedy of (bad) manners. Rather asked her ladyship to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tell the little people ("the truck driver, the steelworker") just why this occasion wasn't completely empty. Her answer was gracious, although she looked like someone who'd just swallowed something sickening but was too polite to mention it. Frost was not that tactful. In fact, he was often downright snide. "Any minute now," Rather said at one point, "we'll be looking for our first sight, our first glimpse, of Lady Diana." "Any minute now," snickered Frost, "we'll see our glimpse."

If Rather had to play the part of tormented bumpkin, he managed to strike back at his hosts, first with a show of belligerent pedantry, then with some plain arrogance. Frost mentioned that Charles was the first Prince of Wales to qualify for a university degree, which casual revelation sent Rather tearing through his index cards: "First Prince of Wales educated at a regular school, the first to earn a university degree, the first to ride a steeplechase, the first to jump from an airplane, the first to have flown jets and a helicopter—" He paused, then added, "The list is long," as if to say, "*That*'ll show you! Now shut up or I'll keep reading!" And soon after this, Rather carried on an interminable analysis with fellow correspondent Tom Fenton, pointing out how nice it was that this "show" (the wedding) allowed the British to say, " 'We *like* each other! We *like* being British!' "—a remarkable fact, Rather went on, considering the high unemployment, the riots, the end of the empire, the national paralysis, etc., etc. His two co-hosts were conspicuously silent, and Murrow was turning over in his grave.

IF RATHER seemed too garrulous, he was restraint itself compared to the gang at ABC, who jabbered as if afraid of losing consciousness. The anchorpersons were as rude as Rather, although it was not their native co-host whom they mistreated (the merry Robert Morley), but the much put-upon royal bride, who made a slight mistake in reciting her vows. Peter Jennings's cohort at the anchor desk was Barbara Walters, whose function, as the networks' resident *yenta*, was, as ever, to talk about the clothes and tribulations of the rich. During the ceremony she was oddly silent (perhaps taking a short nap), until the end, when the couple were on their way to sign the register. "And you know, Barbara," Jennings suddenly said in midyammer, "I thought, earlier on, I detected a touch of nervousness in the Princess of Wales."

This call to dissection brought Walters snapping back to life. "You know," she meowed, "she seems to just do everything *right*, and perhaps this is why the people love her *so* much. *Even* the mistake that she made when she said—uh—her now husband's name backwards—she said 'Philip Charles' instead of 'Charles Philip'—" "Barbara," Jennings answered, all compassion, "we look back just at that moment, and, as you point out, the Princess of Wales did make a minor, and totally *forgivable*, fluff." Minor, forgivable, and too good to pass up: right after this simpering duet, they actually *played back* the audio part of the tape so we could savor that "forgivable fluff" once more, even drowning out the beginning of a Handel oratorio to amplify that little slip.

THIS WAS not nobly done. Moreover, these people are in no position to judge anyone's flubbed lines, since they committed more than their own share. Jennings referred to somebody named "Pope John the Paul," mentioned "a very waving Prince Andrew," and told us that the wedding party ate a "sumptuous, simple lunch." He referred to one of Henry Purcell's works as "a 7th-century hymn," claimed that Charles I was beheaded in 1625 (the year of his coronation), and, in reading his own list of firsts for the present Charles, came up with one that was as farfetched as it was baffling: "The first Prince of Wales to reach the age of 30 unmarried since James Stuart back in the 18th century, in 1718." Even with all these errors, Jennings, a resident of England, still appeared to know a lot more about the place than did the fast-paced Rather, who restricted himself to bizarre utterances like this one: "Is the air of expectancy just literally bursting at the seams out there as it is here? It must be!"

The greatest rudeness was committed toward us, the viewers, who were forced to look around those talking heads, to try not to hear those self-assured voices, to look for that vivid and immediate marvel which television always promises, never delivers. We looked for beauty, and were given numbers. The newscasters may not have learned much about British culture in preparing for this event and they may have been ill-schooled in the national tongue, but they had been diligent in jotting down as many dates and weights and lengths and sizes as their files would hold, giving us history according to the *Guinness Book of World Records*: St. Paul's has the second-highest dome in Europe, has 17 bells, weighing from 300 pounds to two and a half tons, that would ring 4,000 changes of music on the wedding day; the nave is 652-feet long; the yacht *Britannia* has a crew of 276, is as long as four football fields; the wedding cake is five feet high, weighs 250 pounds, contains 50 pounds of marzipan, etc., etc.

These are the sorts of facts with which the networks crowded out the glories of that day. Wandering around outside the cathedral, Tom Fenton, an incredulous chuckle in his voice, asked people why they put up with all the mobs and waiting, why they didn't stay home and watch the wedding on television. "I know all that," one woman said, "but you wouldn't have the atmosphere, you know?" The fact that he would even have to ask the question is almost as appalling as the "coverage" itself.

'Thank God for the atom bomb.'

Hiroshima: A Soldier's View

by Paul Fussell

Many years ago in New York I saw on the side of a bus a whiskey ad which I've remembered all this time, for it's been for me a model of the brief poem. Indeed, I've come upon few short poems subsequently that evinced more genuine poetic talent. The ad consisted of two lines of "free verse," thus:

> In life, experience is the great teacher.
> In Scotch, Teacher's is the great experience.

For present purposes we can jettison the second line (licking our lips ruefully

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as it disappears), leaving the first to encapsulate a principle whose banality suggests that it enshrines a most useful truth. I bring up the matter this August, the 36th anniversary of the A-bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, to focus on something suggested by the long debate about the ethics, if any, of that affair: namely, the importance of experience, sheer vulgar experience, in influencing, if not determining, one's views about the first use of the bomb. And the experience I'm talking about is that of having come to grips, face to face, with an enemy who designs your death. The experience is common to those in the infantry and the Marines and even the line Navy, to those, in short, who fought the Second World War mindful always that their mission was, as they were repeatedly told, "to close with the enemy and destroy him." I think there's something to be learned about that war, as well as about the tendency of historical memory unwittingly to resolve ambiguity, by considering some of the ways testimonies emanating from experience complicate attitudes about the cruel ending of that cruel war.

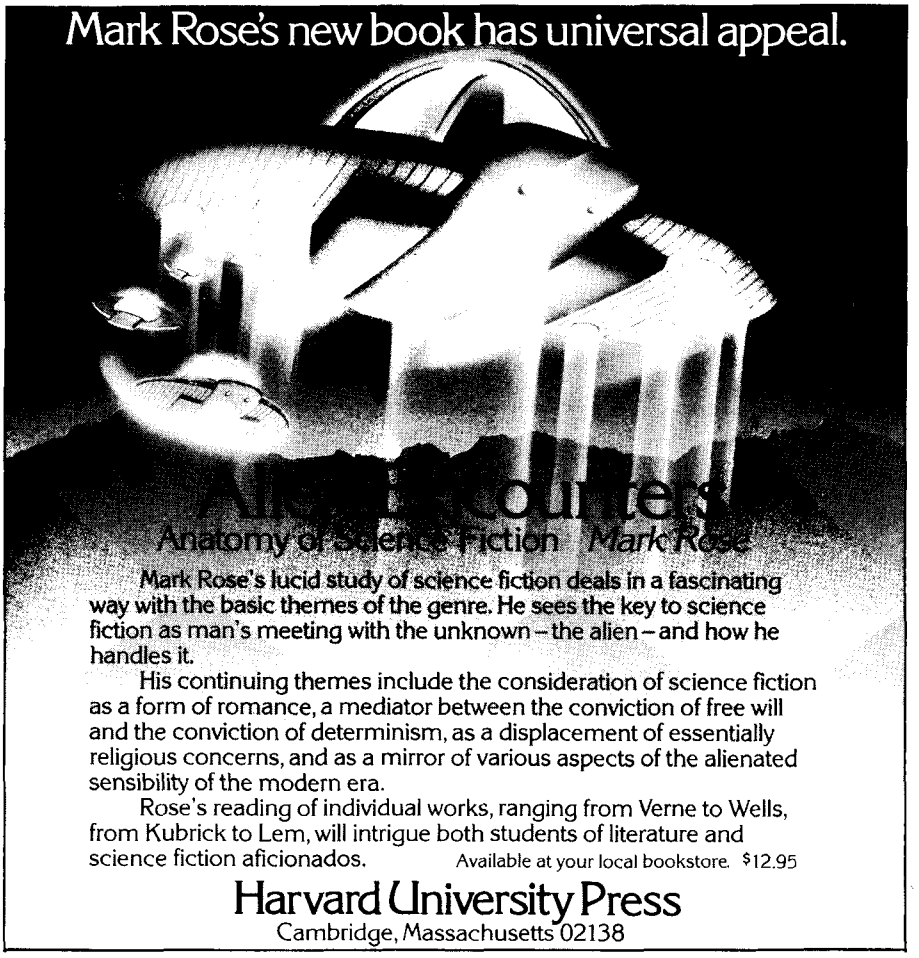
"WHAT did you do in the Great War, Daddy?" The recruiting poster deserves ridicule and contempt, of course, but its question is embarrassingly relevant here. The problem is one that touches on the matter of social class in America. Most of those with firsthand experience of the war at its worst were relatively inarticulate and have remained silent. Few of those destined to be destroyed if the main islands had had to be invaded went on to become our most eloquent men of letters or our most impressive ethical theorists or professors of history or international jurists. The testimony of experience has come largely from rough diamonds like James Jones and William Manchester, who experienced the war in the infantry and the Marine Corps. Both would agree with the point, if not perhaps the tone, of a remark about Hiroshima made by a naval officer menaced by the kamikazes off Okinawa: "Those were the best burned women and children I ever saw." Anticipating objection from the inexperienced, Jones, in his book *WWII*, is careful to precede his chapter on Hiroshima with one detailing the plans already in motion for the infantry assaults on the home islands of Kyushu, scheduled for November 1945, and ultimately Honshu. The forthcoming invasion of Kyushu, he notes, "was well into its collecting and stockpiling stages before the war ended." (The island of Saipan was designated a main ammunition and supply base for the invasion, and if you visit it today you can see some of the assembled stuff still sitting there.) "The assault troops were chosen and already in training," Jones reminds us, and he illuminates the situation by the light of experience:

> What it must have been like to some old-timer buck sergeant or staff sergeant who had been through Guadalcanal or Bouganville or the Philippines, to stand on some beach and watch this huge war machine beginning to stir and move all around him and know that he very likely had survived this far only to fall dead on the dirt of Japan's home islands, hardly bears thinking about.

On the other hand, John Kenneth Galbraith is persuaded that the Japanese would have surrendered by November without an invasion. He thinks the atom bombs were not decisive in bringing about the surrender and he implies that their use was unjustified. What did he do in the war? He was in the Office of Price Administration in Washington, and then he was director of the United States Strategic Bombing Survey. He was 37 in 1945, and I don't demand that he experience having his ass shot off. I just note that he didn't. In saying this I'm aware of its offensive implications *ad hominem*. But here I think that approach justified. What's at stake in an infantry assault is so entirely unthinkable to those without experience of one, even if they possess very wide-ranging imaginations and sympathies, that experience is crucial in this case.

A similar remoteness from experience, as well as a similar rationalistic abstraction, seems to lie behind the reaction of an anonymous reviewer of William Manchester's *Goodbye Darkness: A Memoir of the Pacific War* for the *New York Review of Books*. First of all the reviewer dislikes Manchester's calling the enemy Nips and Japs, but what really shakes him (her?) is this passage:

> After Biak the enemy withdrew to deep caverns. Rooting them out became a bloody business which reached its ultimate horrors in the last months of the war. You think of the lives which would have been lost in an invasion of Japan's home islands—a staggering number of Americans but millions more of Japanese—and you thank God for the atomic bomb.


Mark Rose's new book has universal appeal.
Anatomy of Science Fiction
Mark Rose
Mark Rose's lucid study of science fiction deals in a fascinating way with the basic themes of the genre. He sees the key to science fiction as man's meeting with the unknown – the alien – and how he handles it.
His continuing themes include the consideration of science fiction as a form of romance, a mediator between the conviction of free will and the conviction of determinism, as a displacement of essentially religious concerns, and as a mirror of various aspects of the alienated sensibility of the modern era.
Rose's reading of individual works, ranging from Verne to Wells, from Kubrick to Lem, will intrigue both students of literature and science fiction aficionados.
Available at your local bookstore. $12.95
Harvard University Press
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thank God for the atomic bomb. From this, "one recoils," says the reviewer. One does, doesn't one?

In an interesting exchange last year in the *New York Review of Books*, Joseph Alsop and David Joravsky set forth the by now familiar arguments on both sides of the debate. You'll be able to guess which sides they chose once you know that Alsop experienced capture by the Japanese at Hong Kong in 1942 and that Joravsky made no mortal contact with the Japanese: a young soldier, he was on his way to the Pacific when the war ended. The editors of the *New York Review* have given their debate the tendentious title "Was the Hiroshima Bomb Necessary?"—surely an unanswerable question (unlike "Was It Effective?") and one suggesting the intellectual difficulties involved in imposing *ex post facto* a rational ethics on this event. Alsop focuses on the power and fanaticism of War Minister Anami, who insisted that Japan fight to the bitter end, defending the main islands with the same means and tenacity with which it had defended Iwo and Okinawa. He concludes: "Japanese surrender could never have been obtained, at any rate without the honor-satisfying bloodbath envisioned by . . . Anami, if the hideous destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki had not finally galvanized the peace advocates into tearing up the entire Japanese book of rules." The Japanese planned to deploy the undefeated bulk of their ground forces, over two million men, plus 10,000 kamikaze planes, in a suicidal defense. That fact, says Alsop, makes it absurd to "hold the common view, by now hardly challenged by anyone, that the decision to drop the two bombs on Japan was wicked in itself, and that President Truman and all others who joined in making or who [like Oppenheimer] assented to this decision shared in the wickedness." And in explanation of "the two bombs" Alsop adds: "The true, climactic, and successful effort of the Japanese peace advocates . . . did not begin in deadly earnest until *after* the second bomb had destroyed Nagasaki. The Nagasaki bomb was thus the trigger to all the developments that led to peace."

JORAVSKY, now a professor of history at Northwestern, argues on the other hand that those who decided to use the bomb on cities betray defects of "reason and self-restraint." It all needn't have happened, he asserts, "if the US government had been willing to take a few more days and to be a bit more thoughtful in opening the age of nuclear warfare." But of course in its view it wasn't doing that: that's a historian's tidy hindsight. The government was ending the war conclusively, as well as irrationally remembering Pearl Harbor with a vengeance. It didn't know then what everyone knows now about leukemia and carcinoma and birth defects. History, as Eliot's "Gerontion" notes,

> . . . has many cunning passages, contrived corridors
> And issues, deceives with whispering ambitions,
> Guides us by vanities. . . .
> Think
> Neither fear nor courage saves us. Unnatural vices
> Are fathered by our heroism. Virtues
> Are forced upon us by our impudent crimes.

Understanding the past means feeling its pressure on your pulses and that's harder than Javorsky thinks.

The Alsop-Javorsky debate, which can be seen as reducing finally to a collision between experience and theory, was conducted with a certain civilized respect for evidence. Not so the way the new scurrilous agitprop *New Statesman* conceives those favoring the bomb and those opposing. They are, on the one hand, says Bruce Page, "the imperialist class-forces acting through Harry Truman," and, on the other, those representing "the humane, democratic virtues"—in short, "fascists" opposed to "populists." But ironically the bomb saved the lives not of any imperialists but only of the low and humble, the quintessentially democratic huddled masses—the conscripted enlisted men manning the fated invasion divisions. Bruce Page was nine years old when the war ended. For a man of that experience, phrases like "imperialist class-forces" come easily, and the issues look perfectly clear.

HE'S NOT the only one to have forgotten, if he ever knew, the savagery of the Pacific war. The dramatic postwar Japanese success at hustling and merchandising and tourism has (happily, in many ways) effaced for most people important elements of the assault context in which Hiroshima should be viewed. It is easy to forget what Japan was like before it was first destroyed and then humiliated, tamed, and constitutionalized by the West. "Implacable, treacherous, barbaric"—those were Admiral Halsey's characterizations of the enemy, and at the time few facing the Japanese would deny that they fit to a T. One remembers the captured American airmen locked for years in packing-crates, the prisoners decapitated, the gleeful use of bayonets

EVENING AT A COUNTRY INN

From here I see a single red cloud
impaled on the Town Hall weathervane.
Now the horses are back in their stalls,
and the dogs are nowhere in sight
that made them run and buck
in the brittle morning light.

You laughed only once all day—
when the cat ate cucumbers
in Chekhov's story . . . and now you smoke
and pace the long hallway downstairs.

The cook is roasting meat for the evening meal,
and the smell rises to all the rooms.
Red-faced skiers stamp past you
on their way in; their hunger is Homeric.

I know you are thinking of the accident—
of picking the slivered glass from his hair.
Just now a truck loaded with hay
stopped at the village store to get gas.
I wish you would look at the hay—
the beautiful sane and solid bales of hay.

Jane Kenyon

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on civilians. The degree to which Americans register shock and extraordinary shame about the Hiroshima bomb correlates closely with lack of information about the war.

And the savagery was not just on one side. There was much sadism and brutality—undeniably racist—on ours. No Marine was fully persuaded of his manly adequacy who didn't have a well-washed Japanese skull to caress and who didn't have a go at treating surrendering Japs as rifle targets. Herman Wouk remembers it correctly while analyzing Ensign Keith in *The Caine Mutiny*: "Like most of the naval executioners of Kwajalein, he seemed to regard the enemy as a species of animal pest." And the enemy felt the same way about us: "From the grim and desperate taciturnity with which the Japanese died, they seemed on their side to believe they were contending with an invasion of large armed ants." Hiroshima seems to follow in natural sequence: "This obliviousness on both sides to the fact that the opponents were human beings may perhaps be cited as the key to the many massacres of the Pacific war." Since the Japanese resisted so madly, let's pour gasoline into their emplacements and light it and shoot the people afire who try to get out. Why not? Why not blow them all up? Why not, indeed, drop a new kind of big bomb on them? Why allow one more American high school kid to see his intestines blown out of his body and spread before him in the dirt while he screams when we can end the whole thing just like that?

ON OKINAWA, only weeks before Hiroshima, 123,000 Japanese and Americans *killed* each other. "Just awful" was the comment not of some pacifist but of MacArthur. One million American casualties was his estimate of the cost of the forthcoming invasion. And that invasion was not just a hypothetical threat, as some theorists have argued. It was genuinely in train, as I know because I was to be in it. When the bomb ended the war I was in the 45th Infantry Division, which had been through the European war to the degree that it had needed to be reconstituted two or three times. We were in a staging area near Reims, ready to be shipped across the United States for final preparation in the Philippines. My division was to take part in the invasion of Honshu in March 1946. (The earlier invasion of Kyushu was to be carried out by 700,000 infantry already in the Pacific.) I was a 21-year-old second lieutenant leading a rifle platoon. Although still officially in one piece, in the German war I had already been wounded in the leg and back severely enough to be adjudged, after the war, 40 percent disabled. But even if my legs buckled whenever I jumped out of the back of the truck, my condition was held to be satisfactory for whatever lay ahead. When the bombs dropped and news began to circulate that "Operation Olympic" would not, after all, take place, that we would not be obliged to run up the beaches near Tokyo assault-firing while being mortared and shelled, for all the fake manliness of our facades we cried with relief and joy. We were going to live. We were going to grow up to adulthood after all. When the *Enola Gay* dropped its package, "There were cheers," says John Toland, "over the intercom; it meant the end of the war."

THOSE who cried and cheered are very different from high-minded, guilt-ridden GIs we're told about by the late J. Glenn Gray in *The Warriors* (1959). During the war in Europe Gray was an interrogator in the Counter Intelligence Corps, and in that capacity he underwent the war at division level. After the war he became a professor of philosophy at Colorado College (never, I've thought, the venue of very much reality) and a distinguished editor of Heidegger. There's no doubt that Gray's outlook on everything was noble and elevated. But *The Warriors*, his meditation on modern soldiering, gives every sign of remoteness from experience. Division headquarters is miles behind the places where the soldiers experience terror and madness and relieve these pressures by sadism. "When the news of the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki came," Gray asks us to believe, "many an American soldier felt shocked and ashamed." But why, we ask? Because we'd bombed civilians? We'd been doing that for years and, besides the two bombs, wiped out 10,000 Japanese troops, not now often mentioned, John Hersey's kindly physicians and Jesuit priests being more touching. Were Gray's soldiers shocked and ashamed because we'd obliterated whole towns? We'd done that plenty of times. If at division headquarters some felt shocked and ashamed, down in the rifle companies none did, although Gray says they did:

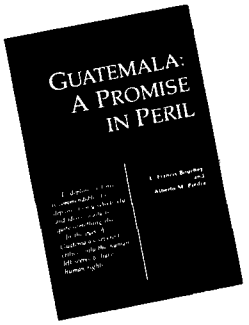
> The combat soldier knew better than did Americans at home what those bombs meant in suffering and injustice. The man of conscience realized intuitively that the vast majority of Japanese in both cities were no more, if no less, guilty of the war than were his own parents, sisters, or brothers.

I find this canting nonsense: the purpose of dropping the bombs was not to "punish" people but to stop the war. To intensify the shame he insists we feel, Gray seems willing to fiddle the facts. The Hiroshima bomb, he says, was dropped "without any warning." But actually, two days before, 720,000 leaflets were dropped on the city urging everyone to get out and indicating that the place was going to be obliterated. Of course few left.

Experience whispers that the pity is not that we used the bomb to end the Japanese war but that it wasn't ready earlier to end the German one. If only it could have been rushed into production faster and dropped at the right moment on the Reich chancellery or Berchtesgaden or Hitler's military headquarters in East Prussia or—Wagnerian *coup de théâtre*—at Rommel's phony state funeral, most of the Nazi hierarchy could have been pulverized immediately, saving not just the embarrassment of the Nuremburg trials but the lives of about

Evolution or Revolution in Guatemala?

The explosive situation in Central America's largest country is analyzed by L. Francis Bouchey and Dr. Alberto Piedra in an important book



Available for $5.00 plus 75¢ postage from:

Council for Inter-American Security
729 Eighth Street, S.E.
Washington, DC 20003

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

four million Jews, Poles, Slavs, gypsies, and other "subhumans," not to mention the lives and limbs of millions of Allied and Axis soldiers. If the bomb could have been ready even as late as July 1944, it could have reinforced the Von Stauffenberg plot and ended the war then and there. If the bomb had only been ready in time, the men of my infantry platoon would not have been killed and maimed.

ALL THIS is not to deny that like the Russian revolution, the atomic bombing of Japan was a vast historical tragedy, and every passing year magnifies the dilemma into which it has thrown the contemporary world. As with the Russian revolution there are two sides—that's why it's a tragedy rather than a disaster—and unless we are simple-mindedly cruel, like Bruce Page, we need to be painfully aware of both at once. To observe that from the viewpoint of the war's victims-to-be the bomb was precisely the right thing to drop is to purchase no immunity from horror. See, for example, the new book *Unforgettable Fire: Pictures Drawn by Atomic Bomb Survivors*, issued by the Japan Broadcasting Corporation and distributed here by Pantheon Books. It presents a number of amateur colored-pencil, pastel, and water-color depictions of the scene of the Hiroshima bombing made by the middle-aged and elderly survivors for a peace exhibition in 1975. In addition to the heartrending pictures the book offers brief moments of memoir, not for the weak-stomached:

> While taking my severely wounded wife out to the riverbank . . . , I was horrified indeed at the sight of a stark naked man standing in the rain with his eyeball in his palm. He looked to be in great pain but there was nothing that I could do for him. I wonder what became of him. Even today, I vividly remember the sight. It was simply miserable.

The drawings and paintings, whose often childish style makes them doubly touching, are of skin hanging down, breasts torn off, people bleeding and burning, dying mothers nursing dead babies. A bloody woman holds a bloody child in the ruins of a house, and the artist remembers her calling, "Please help this child! Someone, please help this child. Please help! Someone, please." As Samuel Johnson said of the smothering of the innocent Desdemona in another tragedy, "It is not to be endured." Nor, we should notice, is an infantryman's account of having his arm blown off in the Arno Valley in Italy in 1944:

> I wanted to die and die fast. I wanted to forget this miserable world. I cursed the war, I cursed the people who were responsible for it, I cursed God for putting me here . . . to suffer for something I never did or knew anything about. For this was hell, and I never imagined anything or anyone could suffer so bitterly. I screamed and cursed. Why? Why? What had I done to deserve this? But no answer came. I yelled for medics, because subconsciously I wanted to live. I tried to apply my right hand over my bleeding stump, but I didn't have the strength to hold it. I looked to the left of me and saw the bloody mess that was once my left arm; its fingers and palm were turned upward, like a flower looking to the sun for its strength.

The future scholar-critic of rhetoric who writes *The History of Canting in the Twentieth Century* will find much to study in the utterances of those who dilate on the wickedness of the bomb-droppers. He will realize that such utterance can perform for the speaker a valuable double function. First, it can display the fineness of his moral weave. And second, by implication it can also inform the audience that during the war he was not socially so unfortunate as to find himself at the cutting edge of the ground forces, where he might have had to compromise the pure clarity of his moral vision by the experience of weighing his own life against other people's. Down there, which is where the other people were in the war, is the place where coarse self-interest is the rule. When the young soldier with the wild eyes comes at you firing, do you shoot him in the foot, hoping he'll be hurt badly enough to drop or mis-aim the gun with which he is going to kill you, or do you shoot him in the chest and make certain he stops being your mortal enemy? It would be stupid to expect soldiers to be very sensitive humanitarians ("Moderation in war is imbecility"—Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fisher); actually, only the barest decencies can be expected of them. They didn't start the war, except in the terrible sense hinted in Frederic Manning's observation based on his experience in the Great War: "War is waged by men; not by beasts, or by gods. It is a peculiarly human activity. To call it a crime against mankind is to miss at least half its significance; it is also the punishment of a crime." Knowing that fact by experience, soldiers have every motive for wanting a war stopped, by any means.

The predictable stupidity, parochialism, and greed in the postwar international mismanagement of the whole nuclear problem should not tempt us to mis-imagine the circumstances of the bomb's first "use." Nor should our well-justified fears and suspicions occasioned by the capture of the nuclear business by the mendacious classes (cf. Three Mile Island) tempt us to infer retrospectively extraordinary corruption, cruelty, and swinishness in those who decided to drop the bomb. Times change. Harry Truman was not a fascist, but a democrat. He was as close to a real egalitarian as we've seen in high office for a very long time. He is the only president in my lifetime who ever had the experience of commanding a small unit of ground troops obliged to kill people. He knew better than his subsequent critics what he was doing. The past, which as always did not know the future, acted in ways that ask to be imagined before they are condemned. Or even before they are simplified.

God's Green Berets

The Jesuits: A History
by David Mitchell

(Franklin Watts, Inc.; $17.50)

The joke has been around for years: a Franciscan and a Jesuit seminarian, friends from childhood, meet at a liturgical conference and exchange complaints about the fact that they are not allowed to smoke. They decide to ask for their superiors' permission. The next time they meet the Franciscan is still bereft of cigarettes, the Jesuit is chain-smoking Camels. "*Deo gratias*, how did you do it?" the Franciscan asks. "It all depends on how you phrase the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

question," the Jesuit says. "I asked him if I could smoke when I wasn't praying," the Franciscan laments. "Ah, wrong method," the Jesuit quips. "*I* asked him if I could pray while I was smoking."

The *Oxford English Dictionary*, under the entry *Jesuitical*: "Acting with cunningly dissembled policies . . . deceitful, dissenting, practicing equivocation, prevarication." The hostility bred by the Society of Jesus's noted pragmatism, the sometimes unscrupulous means it has taken to effect massive conversions, has its roots in both legend and history. In a fictional example of Jesuit casuistry—Walter Savage Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*—Louis XIV's confessor forgives the king for perpetuating atrocities against foreign heretics, but reproves him for eating a mince pie; in point of fact, there does exist a Jesuit manual that allows artists to paint on feast days but forbids them to "prepare or prime canvases" on such occasions.

OTHER examples of Jesuit sophistry remain shrouded in speculation. It is not clear to what extent the 17th-century missionary Matteo Ricci, SJ, belittled the importance of the crucifixion in his spectacular conversion of some two and a half thousand Chinese. What is certain is that he infiltrated the Mandarin ruling classes by mimicking every detail of their costume, hairdress, and language, and used the Chinese word for "ancestor worship" as an equivalent for the mass. What is equally attested is that in their efforts to advance "the greater glory of God," Jesuits have penetrated circles of power more relentlessly than any other group in the church (James Joyce's protagonist, in *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, describes them as "the fellows who can get you the positions"). And they have been equally mundane in their methods of keeping the Catholic fold undiminished. Cases of absolution considerably more hopeless than Louis XIV's—the debauched nobleman who has killed his cousin in a duel, the lady of fashion who has transgressed her marriage vows for the 17th time in a year—have traditionally found in the Jesuit a well-bred, worldly intellectual who knows how to make allowances for the foibles of human folly and desire.

Yet alongside the morally slack, slickly smiling courtier priest of popular legend there stands a contradictory image of spartan military rigor. Think of the numerous soldierly metaphors heaped upon the society ever since its foundation in 1540, when it was charged with the mission of carrying out the edicts of the Counter Reformation and saving the world from Protestant onslaught. It has been called "a commando religion," its members are the "Pope's janissaries," the "Vatican's parachutists," the "church's shock troops," the "church's Green Berets." "The light cavalry will have to be disbanded," Pope Clement wrote in that dark moment of the 18th century when the Jesuits' ploys for power became too heavy-handed even for the Vatican. Such martial images have accreted because of the monolithic internal discipline of Jesuit bureaucracy, which requires extraordinarily frequent reports to Rome; because of its numerous systems of internal espionage ("We're always made to travel in pairs," a Jesuit friend once told me, "to keep better watch on each other"); and because of that ironclad *esprit de corps* which makes Benedictines or Trappists look like communities of anarchists.

Public attitudes toward both these aspects of the Jesuit character have been profoundly ambivalent. On the one hand there has been considerable fascination with the James Bond style which the society adopted to protect the church at the time of its greatest frailty; for the cloak-and-dagger charisma of such heroes as Robert Parsons, who took on eight different *noms de guerre* to avoid persecution in Puritan England; and for the rigorous intellectual discipline which has trained the likes of Racine, Molière, Descartes, Diderot, Voltaire, Lamartine, James Joyce, Gerard Manley Hopkins, and Teilhard de Chardin. And there is the reverse image of a band of chameleon priests made repellent by their frequent meddling in power politics. "I do not like the reappearance of the Jesuits," ex-president John Adams wrote to Thomas Jefferson in 1816. "Shall we not have regular swarms of them here, in as many disguises as only a king of the Gypsies can assume, dressed as printers, publishers, writers and schoolmasters?" This was said at the end of the Jesuits' darkest and least-documented period, in that 40-year span (1773-1814) when, after being banned from France by the machinations of Madame de Pompadour, they were suppressed throughout the world by papal edict and found their only refuge in Russia under the unexpected protection of Catherine the Great.

David Mitchell's *The Jesuits* is the first solid history of the society published in a decade. Hence it is the first to record what may be its second darkest period—that recent decade and a half in which Christendom's heretofore most loyal troops have suffered the largest defection in their history. From a peak of some 36,000 in 1965, the society's membership sank in 1978 to a little over 27,000—a loss of a quarter of its men, which may well reflect the present truancy of the Catholic clergy at large. And although he describes himself on his book jacket as "an Anglican agnostic," the author of this new history looks on the demise with some chagrin. Mr. Mitchell is a distinguished British man of letters. His fascination with the society seems in part bred by his admiration for the intellectual formation of the Jesuit mind, which is made unsurpassedly arduous by the 15 years' training required before full ordination; and by his sympathy for the courage of its most lovable heroes, from the martyred poet Thomas Campion to Archbishop Roberts and Daniel Berrigan. He treats his subject with considerable grace, wit, and intellectual brilliance, and with an attempt at historical completeness that is at times oppressive.

THE AUTHOR'S first and foremost achievement is to trace the essentials of the Jesuits' character to the specific historical conditions under which their order was founded. With a minimum of partisanship, Mr. Mitchell demonstrates that both casuistry and military rigor may have been needed to abolish the general pandemonium and debauchery prevailing in the church after the last sack of Rome by the most Catholic monarch Charles V (an event whose details are deplorably suppressed even in the most secular curricula, as if there were still a taboo on admitting the atrocities that Christians have perpetuated upon Christians). In 1527 the Holy Roman Emperor's troops had slaught-

"THE ALARMING bureaucratic infestation around Washington, D.C. continues to spread. The release of millions of sterile bureaucrats in the area failed to halt the plague. Stronger measures are needed if this year's crop of taxpayers is to be saved despite protests from environmentalists. Let us spray."

For a free copy of the current issue of National Review, write to Dept. R-14, 150 East 35th St. New York, N.Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ered priests by the thousands, raped nuns on altars, pillaged churches and convents, turned St. Peter's and the Vatican into stables. Though he slightly reformed his life after ordination, even the pope who gave the society its first official sanction, Paul III, had several illegitimate sons, one of whom was accused of raping the bishop of Fano. The central purpose of Loyola's followers was to effect a proto-Reformation within the church, and purge it of the licentiousness and religious indifference which had pervaded it for over a century. As Mr. Mitchell writes, "no one loves those who pitchfork them into repentance."

IT WAS with stringent opposition from most older religious orders, and many heads of state, that within the next century and a half the society managed to grow from a ragged band of mendicants to a tightly knit international bureaucracy of several thousand priests. They had established a system of schools that educated a sixth of the European youth enrolled in classical curricula; and acquired such skills as anthropologists, linguists, and explorers that they had become the leading "trumpeters of Christ" in heathen countries, providing a larger number of martyrs than any other religious order. Father Ricci's success in proselytizing the Chinese was matched by Francis Xavier in India and Japan, Fathers de Nobrega and de Anchieta in Brazil. And the Jesuits' benevolent treatment of the Indians of Paraguay, where they founded a fully armed socialist republic to guard the natives from the corruption of European settlers, made them the only members of the church palatable to Enlightenment philosophers (Voltaire: "A triumph of humanity"; Montesquieu: "The Society of Jesus was the first to prove . . . that religion and humanity were compatible").

The author of *The Jesuits* enjoys stressing that the militaristic structure of the society evolved quite naturally from the character of its founder. Ignatius of Loyola was the offspring of provincial, heavily armed Basque nobility whose forebears had been fighting the kings of Castille for three centuries. Both his aristocratic background and his roots in the soldierly tradition led to his predilection for clannishness, elitism, chivalric loyalty. Like many saints, Ignatius had led a lusty secular life before his conversion (which occurred after a severe battle wound); but his debaucheries had not been extensive or guilt-provoking enough to make him a flagellant. If anything, his order was the first to make a radical break with medieval customs of physical penance. "A sound mind in a sound body was the ideal," Mr. Mitchell writes, "if a Jesuit was to be an effective instrument 'To the Greater Glory of God,'—a phrase that recurs in Loyola's Constitutions about once to each manuscript page." The author also stresses that highly emotional side of Ignatius's character which may have influenced the society's extravagant use of psychodrama in its liturgy and pageantry: Ignatius was said to have felt deprived when he did not weep at least three times during each mass; his pursuit of this emotion was so orgiastic that it eventually ruined his eyesight.

Mr. Mitchell also enjoys emphasizing the many ambivalences of Jesuit history. As their suppression shows, the only Catholic order that made a special vow of loyalty to the pope was the one which grew the most insubordinate. There is an equally ironic contradiction between the military stringency of the society's structure and the flamboyant theatricality of its aesthetics. For it was decided some 50 years after Ignatius's death that, notwithstanding the founder's emphasis on apostolic poverty, Jesuit churches should "try to reach up to the sublimity of God's eternal omnipotence with such appurtenances of glory as we can achieve." As any visitor to the Church of the Gesu in Rome has witnessed, the Jesuits' answer to Protestant iconoclasm was to load their interiors with a proliferation of gilt, marble, paintings, statues, lapis lazuli, precious metals, and emotional themes which would make Saint Patrick's Cathedral look like a Quaker meetinghouse. And the use of elaborate theatrical pageants in their liturgy (which were designed to compete with the growth of secular drama and were truly the Cecil B. DeMille productions of their day) was in part exonerated by the delicious casuistry that "the clever acting of poor students often moves the wealthy to help them."

THE PRINCIPAL flaw of this fine text is its overemphasis on the Jesuits' political history, on their propensity for perpetual dissent with both the Vatican and the secular powers. One would have preferred less stress on confrontation and a broader treatment of intellectual themes. We are pitilessly glutted with detailed accounts of the society's intrigues against Richelieu, its role in the Thirty Years' War, its tensions with jealous Capuchins in Louisiana or envious Dominicans in Japan, its struggles with Cavour and Garibaldi, its banishment from Germany by Bismarck. There is not enough breathing space in these brilliant but tightly packed, date-jammed pages; and there is not enough of that sensory and biographical detail which would have made this book extraordinary rather than very good. One of the most fascinating figures of church history, Matteo Ricci, is glossed over in two pages. What conditions did Jesuits actually live in during that most singular communistic experiment on record, their Paraguayan republic? Where did they live and sleep, how did they study and survive during their unlikely exile at the court of Catherine the Great? All these historical moments need dramatic rendering, which Mr. Mitchell seems unwilling or unable to offer.

MY OTHER quibble with Mr. Mitchell concerns his flaccid treatment of one of the most obsessional texts in existence—those "Spiritual Exercises" of Saint Ignatius which are skeletal to every Jesuit's religious formation, and quite as central to the society's character as its historic origins or the biography of its founder. The *Exercises* are fascinating in their pragmatic elasticity. They are divided into four "weeks" of meditation, but according to the introduction I have before me (Robert W. Gleason, SJ, Image Books) "the term 'week' is flexible." The program can thus be toughened and stretched to some months' duration for the true spiritual athlete, shortened to a mere eight days for the flabby layman. Precursing the totalitarian economy of Werner Erhard's EST techniques, Ignatius's text organizes each second of time in the participant's schedule and supervises every one of his gestures—dressing, eating, lying down, sleeping. Like most aspects of the society's life the *Exercises* seem overwhelmingly concerned with business, business, business, communicating that sense of controlled hurry one notices in Jesuits throughout the world. Finally, the *Exercises* are filled with a succession of odiously literal, banal images made all the more predictable by their notorious involvement of all five senses, as in the meditation on Hell:

First point: To see in imagination the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

great fires, and the souls enveloped, as it were, in bodies of fire.

Second point: To hear the wailing, the screaming, cries and blasphemies against Christ our Lord and all His saints.

Third point: To smell the smoke, the brimstone, the corruption, and rottenness.

Fourth point: To taste bitter things, as tears, sadness and remorse of conscience.

Fifth point: With the sense of touch to feel how the flames surround and burn souls.

This text of "revolting crudity" (Ernest Renan's words) never for a second allows those surprises and transformations which distinguish the thought processes of any genuine mysticism, be it the Buddhist tradition or St. John of the Cross. In most traditional contemplation the goal is the deprivation of images; Ignatius takes as much time filling the spirit with trite sensory details as the author of *The Cloud of Unknowing* spent taking them out. The *Exercises*, in sum, are a form of imagistic imperialism that arms God's troops against those suspect marginal zones of the mystical experience which might lead to the potential anarchy of individual insight. As on most levels of Jesuit life, meditation remains a boot camp in which the slightest diversion from communal vision can lead to the brig. And as I trudge through St. Ignatius's text (admittedly without pastoral guidance, not a recommended procedure) I confront still another irony of the Jesuit character which David Mitchell overlooks: it is flabbergasting that modern intellects as finely honed as Gerard Manley Hopkins's, Teilhard de Chardin's, or Daniel Berrigan's could have survived the archaic sterility of massively repeated exercises and remain free, if not revolutionary, in their vision.

The introduction to my own copy of the *Exercises* ends on the following reflection: St. Ignatius's text will "dispose us to accept the *suave* influence of the Holy Spirit." One delights in that very Jesuitical choice of adjective. And as Mr. Mitchell concludes his chronicle one can only hope that the Paraclete acts with equal suaveness toward the fortunes of the society at large.

In his final pages, the author's appreciation of Daniel Berrigan as the most prophetic Jesuit of our time is remarkably prescient for a foreign observer. Defying the image of the Jesuit as a state-toadying courtier, Berrigan has always turned to that purer and earlier model of Jesuit life which is less public because it is more demanding: the priest of the Thomas Campion tradition who is ready to suffer martyrdom for the sake of a spiritual ideal. However one might disagree with his opinions or his use of symbols, one cannot deny the profound traditionalism of both his means and his ends. Father Berrigan is now beginning his umpteenth jail sentence for protesting the forces of nuclear destruction with a form of guerrilla theater which, come to think of it, is quintessential to the Jesuit tradition of psychodrama. In doing so he returns to an equally historic model of the Christian fold as a dissenting minority, one whose function is to bear witness to faith by constant scrutiny and criticism of secular power. And rather than lament the recent decimation of its ranks, this may be the finest model which the Society of Jesus can strive for in its present hour. Perhaps the Holy Spirit could suavely persuade more of Daniel Berrigan's brothers that the greater glory of God is better served by a community's intense capacity for witness rather than by the size of its membership.

Francine du Plessix Gray

Francine du Plessix Gray is the author of the recently published novel *World Without End* (Simon & Schuster).

Author of Authors

Endeavors in Psychology: Selections from the Personology of Henry A. Murray edited by Edwin S. Shneidman

(Harper & Row; $35)

Henry A. Murray, the distinguished psychologist who recently celebrated his 88th birthday, has many admirers. Edwin S. Shneidman, editor of this collection of Murray's papers, declares, "I am proud to state that [Murray] has been the most important intellectual influence of my life." The social psychologist Kenneth Keniston has said of Murray, "He is the most imaginative and the most creative man I've ever known in my life." Hiram Haydn, former editor of the *American Scholar*, noted, "Distinguished men and women come from everywhere to simply 'sit at his feet.'" Recently, when the Henry A. Murray Research Center for the Study of Lives was opened at Radcliffe College, the renowned psychoanalyst Erik Erikson wired greetings to Murray "from his oldest student."

To these and many other admirers, Henry Murray stands out as a brilliant and charismatic figure, a bountiful source of ideas in nearly every area of psychology, a maverick who has trained perhaps more outstanding students than any other psychologist. For his personal as well as for his scholarly gifts, Henry Murray stands in a class by himself. Yet many textbooks in psychology do not even mention his name. There are recent doctorates in the field who have never heard of him; and if they have, it is almost certainly because of his invention of a single projective instrument, the Thematic Apperception Test, which is far from his most significant contribution.

Murray himself has abetted this lack of visibility. For despite his influence upon others, he is a very modest man. Sometimes called "an author of many authors," Murray has compiled only one major book, *Explorations in Personality* (1938). And although at least ten other books exist in various states of completion, his collection of articles is quite small for a psychologist. Indeed, his entire life's output, a healthy proportion of which appears in *Endeavors in Psychology*, equals only a few years of publication for a Freud, a Piaget, a Skinner. Murray is content to let his students speak and write, and even though they are a singularly dedicated lot, they have not, for the most part, devoted their energies to furthering Murray's own particular system of psychology.

There is another side to Henry Murray, a darker side. Murray refers to "a marrow of misery and melancholy . . . a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

profound attraction for tragic themes in literature—an affinity for the darker, blinder strata of feeling." This sympathy with "blackness" comes through dramatically in his piece "The Personality and Career of Satan." In this essay, delivered (improbably enough) as a presidential address at a psychological meeting, Murray condemns his (and our) Puritanical heritage for its sharp dichotomy between good and evil; he speaks of the need to embrace evil, and attributes contemporary neuroses to our total lack of empathy with man's weaknesses. Far from merely voicing such sentiments, Murray has spent much of his life keeping company with or identifying with anti-heroes. He displays special affection for Herman Melville's suffering protagonists, Pierre, Bartleby, and Captain Ahab.

In his essays on Melville, which are among the finest he has written and which stand as major contributions to Melville scholarship, Murray reveals his affinity with the American writer. Both men spent much of their lives confronting the problem of guilt. Though Murray may have escaped the fate of Melville's anti-heroes, he is acutely aware of the lucky circumstances that led him away from a warped personality and enabled him to partake of happier experiences. Perhaps his steadfast self-effacement reflects a pact between these warring parts of his own personality.

THE autobiographical essay "The Case of 'Murr,'" a remarkable document which alone justifies purchase of the Shneidman collection, is artfully patterned after the holistic case studies Murray and his colleagues have fashioned over the past four decades. We learn from "Murr" that Murray came from a well-educated and talented family. He lived comfortably as a child in New York City; his father was kind, his mother, well intentioned though sometimes troublesome. He had an exemplary education: Groton, Harvard (where he majored in history), and a medical degree from Columbia. Murray became a surgeon, took a PhD in biochemistry at Cambridge University, and conducted embryological research for four years at the Rockefeller Institute (publishing ten papers in this field)—all before turning to psychology in his early 30s.

Murray wittily reviews ten reasons that made it unlikely for him to become a psychologist, ranging from the fact that he never took a psychology course to his continuously low standing at prep school and college. Still, his diverse background prepared him to become a particular and unusual kind of psychologist: a researcher interested in the whole personality and devoted to the study of ordinary as well as extraordinary or aberrant lives.

BEFORE selecting this vocation, Murray underwent a number of pivotal experiences. His reading of Freud taught him that individuals need not be thought of as laboratory animals in an experimental maze, but rather as complex human beings. His lifelong immersion in the life and work of Melville, especially *Moby Dick*, provided some of Murray's richest insights into characters—those of the figures created by the consummate writer, as well as the writer's own. But the single most important influence on Murray was his reading of and personal contact with Carl Gustav Jung, whom Murray considers to have had "incomparable imagination and a repository of extraordinary wisdom," and who, as a therapist, helped Murray deal with difficult personal crises.

After meeting Jung Murray declared, "Within an hour my life was permanently set on a new course—I experienced the unconscious in an immediate and moving way that cannot be drawn out of books." The combination of Freud, Jung, Melville, and, Murray adds, "the insights of women" formed the bedrock for his own system of psychology. This foundation was bolstered by intensive contacts with a host of outstanding intellects, such as Alfred North Whitehead and L. J. Henderson, as well as a wide range of scientific, professional, and personal associations, including poets such as Edwin Arlington Robinson and Conrad Aiken, public figures such as Felix Frankfurter and Walter Lippmann, and major psychologists such as Piaget, Luria, and even Freud.

For Murray, psychology became "personology," or the psychology of personality—"what all men, except professional psychologists, call psychology." Directly challenging his professional colleagues, Murray held that:

> The truth which the informed are hesitant to reveal and the uninformed are amazed to discover, is that academic psychology has contributed practically nothing to the knowledge of human nature—indeed, and this is the cream of a wry jest—an unconcerned detachment from the natural history of ordinary mortals has become a source of pride to many psychologists.

Murray took it upon himself to fill this void. He strove to illuminate the lives of normal people, to unmask the motivating forces in their lives, the needs and pressures they feel. The goal was to reveal the essence of character as a novelist might, but with the tools of science, in order to reach conclusions that are replicable—that is, reproducible in comparable form by someone other than the "novelist-clinician" himself.

Developing approaches to aid in this daunting assignment became Murray's life work. He devised an impressive armamentarium of testing techniques, of which the renowned Thematic Apperception Test is just one. He culled concepts and models from the whole gamut of scholarly disciplines to aid him in this task. He invented an entire lexicon to express his major ideas and constructs. Forbidding complexity was an inevitable result of Murray's effort to devise ways of speaking and studying that were fully adequate to the data. Mastering Murray's system is therefore no easy matter, and very few psychologists now use it in its full and highly abstract form. Murray's case studies, however, still stand as models of how to portray individuals, just as his discussions of what aspects of personality to investigate and how to do it continue to inspire new generations of students. Fortunately, *Endeavors in Psychology* includes *American Icarus*, one of Murray's most brilliant case studies, so readers can observe the master at work.

Murray's creative methods for the study of personality are demonstrated dramatically in *American Icarus* and elsewhere in this collection, especially in the essay "Techniques for a Systematic Investigation of Fantasy." Within a few pages Murray proposes a study of elec-

How to Argue and Win!

Here is a clear simply written basic guide to logical thinking, showing how to spot the fallacies, the prejudices and emotionalism, the inappropriate analogies, etc., in the other fellow's argument and how to watch for and avoid the irrational in your own judgments. The author makes plain not only *how* but also *why* people resist facing the truth.

A tool for *clear thinking* as well as *convincing others.* ORDER NOW:

THE ART OF ARGUMENT, by Giles St. Aubyn &8.95 plus $1.25 handling 10-day Money-Back Guar.

EMERSON BOOKS, Inc. Dept. 910-F
Buchanan, N.Y. 10511

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive affinities (subjects are asked to list their favorite fairy stories, myths, operas, and sculptures); daydreams; the inducing of visions (through focusing on the first image to occur after the lights have been extinguished); and musical reveries (to specified compositions). He also outlines an odor-imagination test, in which the subjects list fantasies evoked by various smells; a literary composition test, in which the subject is asked to write a story based on an outline of Hawthorne's "The Minister's Black Veil"; a dramatic production test, in which the subject is given props to create a short one-act play; and numerous others. Carrying out even a small part of this program would keep dozens of psychologists productively employed for a long time to come. And, in fact, just one of Murray's many documented "Needs"—the Need to Achieve—has already spawned hundreds, if not thousands, of research papers, and even a few scholarly careers.

Murray's unbridled creativity had its costs. It seems to have prompted him to undertake too many projects. As a result, he's completed very few. Murray is all too aware of this diffusion of energies: nearly every essay includes an apology for the tentative nature of its key ideas. The words "partial," "preliminary," "notes," and "scaffolding" abound. A number of essays even contain outlines of books—books which he would like to write one day, but which he acknowledges he never will. In order to carry on the effort, "Murr" looks to his students, "so many of whom went on to surpass him . . . a diversity of them, none bound to his ideas."

CENTRAL to Murray's being over the past half-century has been his role as the first "personologist." But he has assumed numerous other roles of importance and embraced a wide family of causes. Despite his modest demeanor, Murray has provided charismatic leadership in numerous institutions and has entered the arena of politics. Within the discipline, he frankly chronicled the inadequacies of academic psychology, thereby alienating large sections of the American Psychological Association, and in the process postponing his receipt of tenure until the age of 55. During World War II he pioneered in devising methods of predicting how individuals would fare under stress. In the war's aftermath he volunteered to testify in the Alger Hiss case, thus becoming one of the first "experts" to introduce psychological analysis into a courtroom.

It is not easy to place Henry Murray among the major intellectual figures of our era. In some ways, he seems a throwback to an earlier, more synthetic age, a time when individuals developed overarching theories, "systems of systems," as he likes to put it. In other ways he seems a harbinger of the future, herald of a time when academic psychology will be more concerned with the whole person, with values, with the imagination. I myself see Murray as a prototypical unifier, a thinker who brings together disparate bodies of information and knowledge. He has been unique in his knowledge of and ability to think systematically in three languages: the natural sciences, in which he was originally trained; the social sciences, to which he has been a major contributor; and literature, a force of vital importance to him throughout his life. No wonder he endorses the words of a famous physiologist who declared that "when the physiologist, psychologist, and the poet begin to talk corresponding languages, we shall be on our way to a genuine understanding of human nature."

MURRAY deserves credit for an equally important marriage—that which joined the European tradition of depth psychology to the more empirical, common sense strain of Anglo-American behavioral science. As he once quipped, "Academic psychologists are looking critically at the wrong things; psychoanalysts are looking with reeling brains at the right things." As part of a small band of prescient scholars, Murray sought to capture the most important insights of Freud and Jung and to examine them in the light of American concerns for normality and progress with the aid of more rigorous empirical techniques. Thus, while Freud focused almost entirely on those aspects of a personality that lead to neurosis and suffering, Murray has searched equally for those traits and experiences that build character, allow for progressive change, and make possible creative achievements. While Jung fell all too readily into mystical language when discussing the conflicting strains in an individual, Murray and his colleagues have devised testing instruments, manuals of scoring, and methods of interpretation which can be used reliably in various settings to unravel the diverse aspects of personality.

I do not think it does an injustice to either man to declare that if Freud had lived in America, he might well have produced the kind of psychology fashioned by Henry Murray. Just as Freud's insights into the human character were shaped by a life in Vienna during the latter part of the 19th century, and by the problems, concerns, and aspirations of individuals from that era, Murray's psychology was molded by life in a Yankee context some 40 years later. Both men understood that, previously, the deepest insights into human character had been found in mythology and literature; but both believed in the possibility of a systematic psychology whose findings would be more replicable.

Only a Boswell could capture what it is like to be in the presence of Henry A. Murray. Johnson was a great talker, but Murray is an incomparable conversationalist. The gift of conversation consists not only in careful planning, but also in the ability to listen, to draw out, to comment upon, to move the common interests of individuals from one point to another, and to help reconcile conflicting interests and temperaments. Of all his talents, I feel that Murray's gift of conversation is his most remarkable. It has been claimed that individuals can keep only seven issues in mind at the same time, but this is not the case for Henry Murray. He is able to conduct and sustain, with every individual in his presence—perhaps with every individual he has ever known or read about—a skein of conversations relating to virtually every issue they have ever touched upon. In the years in which I have been privileged to know Murray, we have had countless conversations. Often in the middle of an exchange I do not know exactly where it is that we have come from, or where we are headed, but Murray does. And, like an artist completing a composition, Murray makes sure that every encounter eventually touches not only on the issues of that hour, but also on the many outstanding concerns whose origins date back to times past.

Like his life, Murray's writings are a perpetual conversation, one which ranges effortlessly across disciplines, eras, heroes, anti-heroes, concerns, and hopes. The conversational rhythm of his life and thought contributes to the breathlessness felt in reading a Murray essay: the feeling that it could continue to proceed in a thousand more directions than it does, and that each sentence or paragraph could engender its own essay. However, it is possible to be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

systematic and comprehensive in one's conversation, provided one possesses exceptional range, intellect, and control. Murray possesses this talent, and it can be discerned in his writing, provided one "listens" carefully.

It has been suggested that a principal purpose of scholarship is to keep alive conversations among thoughtful, reflective individuals across the distances of history. In his own life and work, Henry Murray epitomizes this respect for conversation, the meeting of minds, the hope that, through language, we may gain a better understanding of the self, the other, of civilization as a whole. Murray may feel that he is more of a sketcher of books, an author of authors, than a writer of important books in his own right. But *Endeavors in Psychology* is a significant book, one which captures what is most special about the person and conversation of Henry A. Murray, and one which will contribute to conversations for a long time to come.

Howard Gardner

Howard Gardner is a research psychologist in Boston. His most recent book is *Artful Scribbles* (Basic Books).

In the Paws of the Bear

The Taming of Fidel Castro by Maurice Halperin

(University of California Press; $18.95)

It was only a little over ten years ago that K. S. Karol, in his sympathetic but critical overview of the Cuban revolution, *Guerrillas in Power*, concluded that it was not too late for that revolution to avoid the trap of Stalinist-type development—"to make a choice that will save them from this calamity," allowing the Cubans to march toward a truly "free and equal society." "One does not have to be a dreamer," wrote Karol, "to think that this is, in fact, the road they will choose."

Karol was part of a band of Western Marxist intellectuals who hoped that Cuba could become the model of a socialist society free from dependence on American corporations and from Soviet domination. That hope now seems from another epoch. Cuba has paid a price for breaking its chains to the American empire—entrance into the Soviet variety. Friendly critics of Castro's Cuba, like K. S. Karol, René Dumont, and others, also paid a price: they were branded CIA agents by Castro himself.

Like K. S. Karol, Maurice Halperin came to his study of the Cuban revolution from a more than friendly perspective. Once chief of the OSS Latin American Bureau, Halperin was dismissed from a professorship at Boston University during the McCarthy years. His political orientation and situation led him to a teaching job at the Academy of Sciences in the USSR. After meeting Ché Guevara during an official visit to the USSR, Halperin accepted Guevara's offer to come to Cuba, where he remained from 1962 to 1968, as both a professor at the University of Havana and an adviser to the Ministry of Foreign Trade.

Halperin—who also covered Cuba for the old left *National Guardian* during those years—is a rare breed. A man of the left, he remains immune to the shibboleth that a critical examination of the Cuban revolution cannot be undertaken lest it give ammunition to the enemy. While conceding that the revolution "was not without positive achievements," he emphasizes that their significance has been greatly exaggerated by Castro's "excited and gullible following aboard." True, he says, the revolution brought a vast extension of public health services and educational opportunities to the entire population, but at the price of "regimented discipline and blind acceptance of officially imposed dogma."

What we have called the Cuban revolution, Halperin argues, is a ghostly image of the past. We still have Fidel Castro's flamboyance and charisma, but in the context of a "soberly structured regime, of largely predictable behavior, closely patterned on the Russian model, fully integrated with the Soviet-bloc economies, and unavoidably dependent on the Soviet Union for military security and economic welfare." Castro presides over a regime, Halperin writes, that has little to distinguish it "from the basic features of the regimented societies of Eastern Europe, ruled by self-appointed and self-perpetuating oligarchies legitimated by infallible doctrine." The promise once held out by Castro's revolution—civil liberties, equal distribution of goods, and intellectual and artistic innovation—he sadly notes, has "irrevocably disappeared."

What Halperin accomplishes in his masterful study is to trace the slow capitulation of Fidel Castro from a fiercely independent rebel to a pro-Soviet head of state. This transition was not smooth, and Halperin traces carefully the twists and turns of Fidel's course, the often strained relations between Cuba and the Soviet Union, and the economic and political developments that forced Fidel Castro to capitulate to the Russian bear by 1972. It was only by that late date that Castro felt comfortable with the nuances of Soviet ideology and policies.

The lack of debate and increased centralization of power could not be blamed entirely on the Russians. Indeed, the Soviets often extolled a more rational system of state-based economic planning than the haphazard schemes hatched by revolutionaries like Guevara. Rather, it was the day-to-day control over everything insisted upon by Fidel himself that, according to Halperin, was "constant and enormously disruptive." Halperin does not fault Castro's motives. He agrees they were the best—to fulfill the mission entrusted to him by destiny to create a plentiful economy and a good society. Since Castro believed he was a recipient of such a mission, he insisted upon free reign to many so-called "special plans," some of which were ludicrous. When, during one of Castro's absences from Cuba, his prize cattle almost starved because the grazing land had been ruined, a distraught administrator asked one of Castro's favorites, Enrique Oltuski, whether the cattle could be put out to pasture on the ranch Oltuski supervised in the province of Matanzas. The trip across Cuba saved the cattle—but led to Oltuski's arrest and confinement in a penal labor camp. Oltuski had committed the sin of acting on his own. He had saved Castro's prize cattle without having first asked his chief's permission.

Castro, Halperin asserts, often went

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

agog over unproved and whimsical plans. Such was his brief paen to the unknown French agronomist, André Voisin, whose work with grass supposedly would transform Cuba into a fertile garden. The process was simple:

> The commander in chief would have a brainstorm, for better or worse. This would trigger a crash program, with total mobilization of all available resources. If it came to nothing, the failure was never acknowledged. If it succeeded, as it sometimes did, it was hailed as an example of the superiority of socialism over capitalism. In neither case were the costs taken into account.

Castro, of course, could not tolerate independent research—even when carried out by friendly scholars from the West. Readers learn for the first time the inside story of Castro's sabotage and double-crossing of Oscar Lewis, whose first heart attack occurred in the presence of Foreign Minister Raul Roa, immediately after Roa had told Lewis that his research project in Cuba was being suspended, and after Lewis heard him read an indictment of the anthropologist's work that had "ugly connotations of intentional deceit and even espionage."

Castro's attempt at independence, however well-meaning, resulted in harder conditions at home. Cubans were exhorted to work harder and longer for the dubious returns of a far off better future and current intangible rewards. Overtime pay was abolished—too capitalistic—one result being a decline in production and growing absenteeism at the job. As Castro sought to gain some distance from Moscow, he moved his nation in a romantic direction. Propaganda spoke of a new Cuban man, of egalitarian communism, of ideological independence, and of multiple guerrilla defeats of Yankee imperialism. Since some at home had doubts, Castro for the first time in 1966 equated dissent by those loyal to the revolution with counterrevolution. "Thus, in the process of liberating the Cuban revolution from the shackles of Soviet dogma," writes Halperin, "Fidel imposed a new dogma, equally infallible, from which deviation was tantamount to treason."

In the realm of foreign policy, Halperin also offers his readers new interpretations and information. His analysis will not give comfort to the Reagan administration's hard-liners, who once again are repeating the prime cliché of 1959-1962—that Cuba is orchestrating a continentwide revolution in our own

Get $6 worth of cheese

As part of a publicity campaign to attract new members, CHEESELOVERS INTERNATIONAL, a consumer cheese buying club, is giving away $6.00 worth of cheese (free) to every reader of this publication who becomes a member by mailing his or her membership fee to the address below before Sept. 30. The membership fee is $3. There is no other cost, and no obligation to buy anything. A member can resign at any time and the $3 membership fee will be refunded in full. But the free cheese remains free to keep regardless. Here is how to get the $6.00 worth of free cheese. A brochure is promptly sent to each new member. It features descriptions and color photographs of 30 cheeses such as JARLSBERG, CHEDDAR, SWISS, MUNSTER, BRIE, CAMEMBERT, TRIPLE CREME, HAVARTI and others. The free cheese is selected from this brochure by using the $6.00 in Free Cheese Certificates enclosed for this purpose. The free cheese is then shipped direct to the member's home by parcel post or U.P.S. delivery truck. (Delivery of the free $6.00 cheese shipment is also free; shipping charges are paid by Cheeselovers. The member pays nothing.) Readers of this publication who wish to participate are invited to mail their name and address and $3 membership fee to: **CHEESELOVERS INTERNATIONAL, Dept. 76-2, Box 1200 Shames Drive, Westbury, New York 11590.**

© 1981 Cheeselovers International

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hemisphere. Nor will it be met kindly by Claire Sterling and Arnaud de Borchgrave, who credit the 1966 Tricontinental Conference as the time and place at which the new Soviet-backed terrorist international was created.

The reality was different. Castro emerges in Halperin's study as the consummate pragmatist, always sending out "unmistakable signals to Washington that he was ready to abandon the Latin American revolution in exchange for normal relations, while at the same time seasoning the message for home consumption so he would still appear to be in favor of revolution." It was not only at home that Castro's signals were missed. His rhetoric "stimulated the imagination of some western radical intellectuals," Halperin notes, as it now stimulates those of neo-conservatives. Indeed, the 1966 meeting took place to bolster Castro's "reckless optimism and messianic yearning," while in reality it marked "the decimation of his guerrilla followers in Latin America" and, in the foreign policy sphere, his total "capitulation to Soviet political and ideological hegemony."

By 1967, Castro was using revolutionary rhetoric as a cover for his new pro-Soviet course. He was making amends with conservative and stable regimes in his own hemisphere, precisely the course favored by the USSR. When he convened the Latin American Solidarity Organization's (OLAS) conference—heralded as a mainstay of anti-imperialism and armed struggle—already the evidence was in that guerrilla warfare had proved ineffective and that the fidelistas in Latin America were more isolated than ever from the broad left. The Soviets were urging Castro to trade and to resume political relations with the very governments he had condemned as tools of Yankee imperialism—a course he adopted with a vengeance. Yet to do so, he needed to stage events like the OLAS. Western new leftists hailed it, opponents pointed to it as proof of Castro's hemispheric subversion, but it was nothing more than "a carnival of absurd revolutionary rhetoric," which would fade away and expire a few weeks after its formal closing. As Castro inaugurated a new and conservative course, he also would instigate a new cult of Ché, although Ché's own ideas had been denigrated and the cult would continue "long after Fidel's conversion to Soviet style socialism all but obliterated every vestige of Ché's conception of a socialist society."

Western leaders continually missed the cues offered them by Castro, choosing to pay attention to his rhetoric rather than to his policies. Halperin chastises "the gross miscalculations of the policy makers in Washington," who continually overestimated the effect of the trade embargo, underestimated the ability of the Soviet Union to provide the necessities for survival of the regime, and foolishly insisted that US-sponsored CIA activity would successfully trigger an anti-Castro uprising.

Nowhere is Castro's shift toward Soviet foreign policy and abandonment of independence revealed more clearly than in Cuban policy toward Israel. Halperin's treatment of Cuban-Israeli relations is a highlight of his book. It was during the mid-1960s, while Castro was trying to take Soviet aid and at the same time hold his own, that his regime followed a policy of benevolent neutrality toward Israel. Castro even told K. S. Karol that "true revolutionaries never threaten to exterminate a whole country," and that anti-Israeli propaganda by the Arab nations "helped the Israeli leadership mobilize the patriotism of their people." One could even detect in Fidel's comment, farfetched as it may now seem, a grudging admiration for the similar situation in which Israel found itself—a small nation struggling for survival amidst a sea of hostile neighbors. By refusing to break relations with Israel, Castro was sending the Soviet Union a message that he would not make Cuba into a satellite.

IT WAS not until the 1973 summit meeting of the heads of the nonaligned nations, Halperin shows, that Castro abruptly changed course. He had come to the meeting prepared to engage in a total defense of Soviet policy, and his speech was attacked by both Prince Sihanouk and Colonel Qadaffi. The Libyan leader told the conference, "I am nonaligned and Castro is aligned." One hour before the meeting was to end, Castro announced dramatically that Cuba had broken relations with Israel—a move that caught Cubans back home and Israelis by surprise but won for Castro a public embrace from Qadaffi.

In exchange for the breaking of diplomatic relations, Halperin explains, Castro won Arab tolerance for Soviet policy and for his defense of it; Castro safeguarded his own role as the major "nonaligned" champion of Moscow, and he improved his own standing with third world and Arab nations. From that moment, Castro became a champion of the most extreme hard-line Arab rejectionist states. "The circumstances which led him into active hostility against Israel," Halperin writes, "left no doubt that he was moved by pure opportunism, and once having changed his course, was determined to make the most of it. Here he was eminently successful, bolstering his leadership ambition in the Third World and at the same time earning the gratitude of the Soviet Union."

Castro's complete acceptance of Soviet policy occurred after his course of 1964-1968 had proved to be unsuccessful. Guerrilla campaigns had floundered elsewhere, the threat of a US invasion of Cuba had ended, and the extreme hardships caused by the frantic mobilization of manpower had taken their toll—morale in Cuba was extremely low. And strangely, Castro chose to move toward a reconciliation with the Soviet Union at the time of the invasion of Czechoslovakia, when he publicly endorsed the Brezhnev doctrine:

> To put it unkindly, it was one of Fidel's less decorous exercises in deceptive demagogy. Fidel was blunter than Brezhnev in admitting that the 'sovereignty' of the Czechoslovak state was 'violated' and could not be justified from 'a legal point of view'—a shrewd diversion to bolster his credibility—but he accepted the Russian sophistry that the transgression was morally justified 'from a political point of view.' This was a cynical denial of bedrock principle concerning the inviolability of the sovereignty of small nations, Cuba first of all, which he had defended since the beginning of his regime.

And so, between 1968 and 1973, Fidel Castro was domesticated, "tamed." The Soviet Union's wayward client, forced again and again into Russian arms by US and Western obstinancy, proved that he had a realistic assessment of his own nation's interest, and that his serving of that interest transcended his commitment to promote armed strug-

Coming:

Walter Goodman

on Pete Seeger.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gle to emancipate Latin America.

Castro's revolution, insofar as it was meant to create both pure communism and independence, had failed. Castro had accepted instead "basic conformity with the economic, political and ideological postulates of the Soviet model of socialism in domestic affairs, and with Soviet foreign policy in international affairs." It is not without reason that *Granma* today refers to members of the Polish solidarity movement as "counter-revolutionaries."

Such failure of early revolutionary dreams, Halperin warns, does not mean that Castro has no popular support or that his regime is on the brink of collapse. Indeed, he stresses that before the century's end, Cuba might attain living standards comparable to those of Hungary or Czechoslovakia, given its climate, fertile soil, nickel and mineral deposits, and the magnitude of Soviet aid. Castro and his revolution may have changed, but the revolution at least is here to stay.

Ronald Radosh

Ronald Radosh traveled to Cuba in 1973 and is editor of *The New Cuba: Paradoxes and Potentials* (William Morrow and Co.) and co-editor of the forthcoming *El Salvador: Central America in the New Cold War* (Grove Press).

Mysteries

Two particularly sound British practitioners of the craft of detective fiction are Dorothy Simpson and Jonathan Ross. In *The Night She Died* (Scribner's; $9.95) Simpson lets us follow Detective Inspector Luke Thanet as he carefully unravels why some forgotten event in Julie Holmes's past should have led to her death. English life in a smallish city is well depicted, and Julie's childhood is neatly though not artificially tied to the little we see of her present life. The action is slow; each piece of the puzzle is intended. The same craftsmanship marks Ross's *Dark Blue and Dangerous* (Scribner's), though it is brutally masculine in its depiction of a policeman who goes "tomcatting" after women when off duty and of Detective Superintendent George Rogers, also hungry for a bit of uncomplicated lust. The young policeman is found killed with his own truncheon, and as the investigation reveals the extent of his pursuit of older women, even the case-hardened Rogers remarks upon the silent, almost malignant needs of sex. Ross is a former detective chief-superintendent himself, of the Wiltshire Constabulary, and he grows on one; I was not a fan of his earlier books, but now they seem compelling.

Two second books also make good reading. *The King Edward Plot* (McGraw-Hill; $9.95), by Robert Lee Hall, recounts a plot against England's popular playboy king in 1906. The plot, in both senses of the word, is not especially compelling, and the book is less able than Hall's debut, *Exit Sherlock Holmes*, which I liked very much. Still, it displays some of the same attractive qualities: an excellent eye for detail, a sense of both place and time, and an ability to weave different characters together though they come from quite different skeins of the plot.

I also liked Richard Hoyt's first book, *Decoys*, and now am fascinated by his second, *30 for a Harry* (M. Evans; $8.95), although it is not quite so good. It appears that someone by the name of Harry is a reporter who uses his position for extortion; John Denson is asked to find such a Harry (who is then killed) before the extortionist can destroy the integrity of the Seattle *Star*. The journalistic setting confirms my images of the newspaper world, and the Seattle background provides a happy departure from the customary sleaze of southern California. As in *Decoys*, the "solution" will be apparent to the reader a bit before Hoyt wants it to be, but this is scarcely the point (and never has been in detective fiction), for one is simply along for the ride even when the destination is known. It's a good ride.

As for sleaze, there is plenty of it in Max Byrd's debut, *California Thriller* (Bantam; $2.25). Byrd has written one of the best essays there is on the California school of the hard-boiled dick; as an English professor at the University of California, Davis, he has studied the genre. When he turns from criticism to try his hand at the genre itself the result is a slightly odd mixture: though the first two-thirds of the book is as good a California thriller as one will find, either a perfect parody that, in its perfection, cannot be recognized as parody, or an original imitation of all that we remember as best from Hammet, Chandler, and Macdonald. The last third resorts to so much violence to resolve the convolutions of its intricate plot that one feels the author has set out to prove that he can be nastier than the rest. What he may well be telling us is that detective fiction, like life, has become nastier in California these days than we remember it. The plot, like Hoyt's, is about a great newspaper, one which may be mixed up with a private detective agency, right-wing politics, mind-control drugs, and misuse of the Sacramento Valley. The book will fulfill every expectation of those who like, and those who hate, detective fiction.

Robin W. Winks

Correspondence, *from page 7*

> series of efforts to revive a dying art form. Mixing philosophy and fantasy may have done for the 14th century, but will never last in today's sophisticated climate. As usual Shakespeare's too numerous characters run at the mouth, while strutting through a familiar (o'er-used) plot. *The Tempest*'s lukewarm reception at the Globe is an encouraging sign that Elizabethan theatre is on a long-deserved way out. . . .

"Hill Street Blues" is the only pleasant new TV show on the 1980-81 season. Mr. Miller, despite his scathing style, misses the point. "Blues" is tongue-in-cheek. It borrows from old police dramas and other themes in American popular culture for effect, not philosophy. I'm not interested in realism—for that I can watch documentaries. I *like* amusing characters. I *like* entertainment. I *like* "Hill Street Blues." Mr. Miller's anti-liberal-critic bile is silly graffiti on the only TV fun of the year.

Richard Almond
Palo Alto, California

Mark Crispin Miller replies:
These letters could refer to two different shows. One defends "Hill Street Blues" for its didactic thrust, while the other insists that it's merely "fun." Both letters, however, share the same familiar assumption: that criticism is destructive, a sort of maniacal sabotage that calls for "bile" and a "hatchet." Unlike our two correspondents, I don't simply vent opinions; I try to construct a critical argument. My purpose is not to ruin anyone's "fun" but to introduce some interpretative resistance into the mechanical relationship between the viewer and his set.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Republic Classifieds

THE NEW REPUBLIC CLASSIFIED IS A WEEKLY FEATURE. Ads are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates: one time ad $1/word, six ads per year $.95/word, 12 ads per year $.90/word, 24 times per year $.85 word, 48 times per year $.80 word. Telephone numbers count as 2 words. P.O. numbers and abbreviations count as one word. Zone numbers and zip codes are not counted. Additional $4.50 for TNR box numbers. Classified display ads are $30/inch. Bold headline, signature and inset available. Complete rate card upon request. Send your check/money order with your copy, or give us your Visa MasterCharge # and we'll charge it to your account. Copy must be received 19 days prior to the Saturday issue date. Phone orders accepted with Visa/MasterCharge only. Send copy or call collect: Theresa Miller, The New Republic Magazine, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, DC 20036 (202) 331 7494.

Arts/Crafts

RARE, ANTIQUE MAPS
SET OF FOUR full color reproductions—The World—Europe—Americas—Africa. Individually suited for framing. Printed on heavy, luxurious 17 x 24" antique stock. Only $10.75 ppd. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Peter Faiella, Dept. NR, 1082 Lydig Ave., Bronx, NY 10461.

JAPANESE WOODBLOCK PRINT REPRODUCTIONS. Masterpieces by Utamaro, Hokusai, Hiroshige, etc. New catalogue illustrated 600 subjects, $10.00 (seamail). No wholesale available. Adachi Institute of Woodcut Prints, CPO Box 362, Tokyo, Japan.

ESCHEW CANNED SENTIMENT. Send for our frameable block-printed or silk-screened holiday cards. Samples on approval. Unusual silk-screened heraldic renderings also: thousands of family blazons available. John Geffroy, Box 889, Las Vegas, NM 87701.

Associations

An Opportunity for Graduate Women

The American Association of University Women offers you a unique opportunity to join other college women in your community to improve the status of all women. If you are a graduate of an accredited 4-year college or university, you are eligible! For more information call 800-424-9717 or write:

AAUW Membership Services
2401 Virginia Ave., NW, Washington, DC 20037

Auto for Sale

64½ Mustang conv., auto., h/a, restored/original. OKC/OK. (405) 942-0792.

Business Opportunities

ADDRESS—Mail Commission circulars at home! Be flooded with offers!! Offer-details rush stamped addressed envelope & 25¢ service fee. Schneider Enterprises, Dept. M, 96 Lincoln, Crystal Lake, IL 60014.

Buttons/Bumperstickers

ERA NOW! Bumperstickers, $1.00, 4/$3.00; SASE, PBS, Box 50497, Wash., 20004.

BUTTONS/BUMPERSTICKERS/CUSTOM PRINTED (Union Shop.) Lowest Movement prices for twenty years! Anti-nuclear, anti-smoking, pro-peace, and other items in stock. Free catalog. Larry Fox, Box M-4, Valley Stream, NY 11582. (516) 791-7929.

"MEMBER-IMMORAL MINORITY", "U.S. OUT OF EL SALVADOR—NO MORE VIETNAMS," "IMPEACH REAGAN," "STOP THE DRAFT," "NO NUKES." Buttons—2/$1.00, 10/$4.00; bumperstickers—$1.00 EACH. 10/$6.00. Ellen Ingber, Box 752NR, Valley Stream, NY 11582.

"*MENS OBSCENA IN CORPORE SANO*", three other snobbish, slightly risque bumperstickers. $2 each, two for $3, the whole collection, $5. Bon Motto, Dept. A, Box 241, Albuquerque, NM 87103.

Causes

WHAT'S WRONG? WATT'S WRONG!
Interior Secretary James Watt threatens public lands, parks, clean air. Send a message to Congress by circulating a Replace Watt petition. Send long SASE to "Replace Watt", Box NR, Sierra Club, 530 Bush St., San Francisco, CA 94108.

Does the Moral Majority scare you as much as it scares us? Then *do* something about it. Join us. Quality of Life, Inc., 220 Miramonte Ave., Palo Alto, CA 94306.

DEFEAT RIGHTWING CONSERVATIVES. Complete National Action Plan. Send $5 and S.A.S.E. We *Ourselves, Inc., 1377 K St., NW—Suite 125, Washington, DC 20005.*

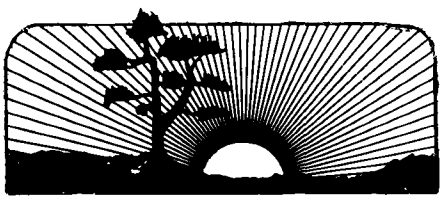
Clothing

GET OUT OF YOUR JEANS

HEAVY COTTON DRAWSTRING PANTS
Durable Comfort in
Natural • Sky Blue • Navy
Ginger • White • Plum • Black
State Hip/Waist Measurements
— $15 postpaid —
Free Catalogue and Swatches
DEVA, A COTTAGE INDUSTRY
BOX NRT, BURKITTSVILLE, MD 21718

Colleges/Universities

Non-traditional Doctoral Program. Southeastern University, 5163 DeGaulle Drive, New Orleans, LA 70114.



The Great Escapes

URBAN RAT RACERS—The Tamworth Inn (Tamworth, New Hampshire) is a restored village inn (circa 1830) in an off-the-beaten track New England village. First class restaurant and pub. For room reservations, call (603) 323-7721.

Employment Opportunities

INTERNATIONAL EMPLOYMENT HOTLINE

Monthly issues reveal current opportunities for career and temporary overseas employment
DISCOVER WHAT'S WAITING FOR YOU IN THE WORLD—AND HOW TO GET IT NOW!

YES! Connect me to **HOTLINE** information on current international employment opportunities every month. Send me:
☐ (US) $26.00 One year subscription
☐ (US) $18.00 Six month subscription
☐ (US) $13.50 Three month trial subscription
Enclosed $_____ ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
Name _____
Address _____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
Include (US) $5.00 for subscriptions outside U.S. and Canada send with payment to: International Employment Hotline, 4216 West 12th St., Suite AA, Little Rock, AR 72204.

Health/Beauty

FREE! End Stress! How To Achieve Natural Relaxation! Rockwood House, Desk NR, 2486 Sylvan, Trenton, New Jersey 08610.

Herbs, spices, teas, natural skin care products, rare herb seeds. Free catalog-The Herb Patch, P.O. Box 583, Boulder City, NV 89005.

Help Wanted

Unusual opening: executive assistant to University Professor Amitai Etzioni in Washington, D.C. Full time. Requires: good command of English (editorial experience desirable), secretarial skills, and an executive talent. TNR 9885.

Instruction

HYPNOSIS—Because Change Begins in the Mind. Free catalogue listing over 50 titles of fully guaranteed self-hypnosis tapes. Bright Ideas, 10730 White Oak Ave., Granada Hills, CA 91344.

Relieve allergies, headache, pain 23 ways!!! New Ionizers, 3045 N. Troy, Chicago 60618.

SLEEP-LEARNING tapes, books! Strange catalog free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-NR, Olympia, WA 98507.

Literature

LET ME DIE BEFORE I WAKE by Derek Humphry. Guide to self-deliverance for the dying. Sold to Hemlock members. Stamped-addressed envelope for details: Hemlock, P.O. Box 66218, Los Angeles, CA 90066.

Literary Services

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS, first editions located. Send wants. No obligation. Ron Griswold 1811 North Highland Street, Arlington, VA 22201.

STILL LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free search service. Please write Peter Sperling Books, Box 300, Dept. R, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10113.

BOOK SEARCH. Specializing in out of print, detective and gardening titles. Find the titles missing on your bookshelves. No obligation. Send list. I'll search. E.F. Smiley, Bookseller, R5, 43 Liberty Hill Rd., Bedford, NH 03102.

Professional writing, editing, research. M&T Associates, Box 8366, Chicago, IL 60680. (312) 327-2582.

WRITERS: "PROBLEM" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music

BURTON HARPSICHORDS, SPINETS, AND CLAVICHORDS—Professional instruments in kit and completed forms. For brochure, write Burton Harpsichords, 4921 N. 57th, P.O. Box 80222N, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

Personal

Gay man, 32, Chicagoan, travels Wisconsin, Minnesota, etc., on business. Seeks counterparts there for dinner, movies, theater. TNR 9875.

CHRISTIAN SWM, 31, 5'9", 155 lbs., seeking a moral, Christian woman, plump, 25-35. NYC area only. TNR 9880.

German/American lady, 39 years of age, weight 140 pounds, 5'7", attractive, young looking, cath., divorced, will live in the United States, seeks a marriage-minded gentleman, age 40-48, loving travel, sport and camping. Can be a widower, single or divorced with children. I would appreciate correspondence. Casilla 3220, Santa Cruz, Bolivia, S.A.

Far East correspondents seek American correspondents. Cherry Blossoms, Hanokaa, HI 96727.

GAY? Meet intelligent, interesting people. Quick-Confidential-Legitimate. Call now. Steve (212) 232-5500. Nationwide.

UNATTACHED? Meet sincere, literate singles—anywhere. Call DATELINE-free 800-451-3245

SCANDINAVIAN LADIES, 18-65, sincere, seek correspondence/friendship. Details: Scannaclub/9C, Box 4, Pittsford, NY 14534.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS get the cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania 19081 Established 1970 [or call (215) 566-2132].

I'm WSM, 50's, fairly sensitive, enjoy outdoors, music, simplicity. Midwest. You're WSF. . . . TNR 9860.

Gay father, kids grown, divorced, kindly, central IN., seeks contact with gay parents, young/old, concerning future alternatives, personal/societal. TNR 9865.

FINE ARTS NETWORK helps cultural singles find each other. Nationwide music, literature, art lovers. Information? S.S.A.E:—Box 4714RM, Cleveland, OH 44126.

Printing

BOOK PRINTING
HARD COVERS ★ PAPERBACKS
Standardized techniques developed over more than three decades enable us to produce quality publications and books rapidly and economically.
Write for Free Booklet
HARLO PRINTING CO.
Dept. NR
50 VICTOR, DETROIT 48203

Property Sale/Rent

640 ACRES NEAR CRAIG, COLORADO: $150 per acre. Chuck Jacobs. (303) 758-6500.

Publication

CONSERVATIVE WATCH NEWSLETTER. Know what the Rightwing "Nuts" are doing and planning. Sample copy—only $5. We Ourselves, Inc., 1377 K St., NW—Suite 125, Washington, DC 20005.

"THE MISSING LINK TO WORLD PEACE" . . . exposes the failure of world diplomacy. A powerful grass-roots pamphlet.—$3.00—Talon Enterprises, Box 5190, Sherman Oaks, CA 91403.

Recipes

BRAN QUICKBREAD. Registered dietitian's original recipe. No cholesterol, fat, salt, white flour, sugar. Delicious, easy. High fiber, low sodium and calories. $2.00, SASE to: CCI, 12101 Shetland Chase, Austin, Texas 78759.

Make your own margarine. $3 moneyorder. Harvey, 8045½—1st St., Paramount, CA 90723.

FIGHT INFLATION while attracting attention as a gourmet cook. Six authentic ethnic soups. $2, SASE to: The Wood Stove, P.O. Box 612, Oregon City, OR 97045.

CHOCOLATE PEANUT BUTTER FUDGE! Absolutely scrumptious, homemade candy to delight family and friends! Easy instructions, $2.00. LC, P.O. Box 428, Hazel Park, MI 48030.

BEST DILL PICKLES EVER - EASY - GUARANTEED. $1. SASE; Center Press-1NR, Box 688, Madison, WI 53701.

Numerous impressive and tasty salads. $3. S.A.S.E.: 6 Highland, Auburn, NY 13021.

Religion

101 Biblical Contradictions, $3.00 DISCOVERY, Box 20331-NR, West Valley, UT 84120.

Retirement

UNIQUE VILLAGE—live independently, inexpensively. Ranch house—only $115 monthly or $9,500 life lease. Bristol Village, Waverly, OH 45690.

T-Shirts

FOR SALE. OUTSTANDING REPLICA of 1980 USA Olympic Hockey shirt. Write: Rowing Toggery, P.O. Box 1577, Alameda, CA 94501.

SOLIDARNOŚĆ T-Shirts. Show support for Polish unions. Red letters on White or Light Blue, S,M,L,XL. $5.50 ea., plus $1.50 for shipping. Send check or money order to KENMARCO, P.O. Box 1978, Monterey, CA 93940.

MORAL MAJORITY GOT YOU DOWN?

Have a devil of a good time in your Immoral Minority T-shirt.
Sizes: S, M, L, XL.
T-Shirt: (red, yellow, lt. blue, beige or white) $11.95, 2/$22. Shipping: 75¢ each.
Send check or money order to: Taxin Designs, Box 114, Moylan, PA 19065.

Etc.

Need low cost mail service? Buy Health/Beauty aides wholesale. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for details. #85 TNR, 115 Essex, Route 8, NYC 10002.

Answers to property and casualty insurance questions on fee basis. Send questions and $15.00 to: Answers, P.O. Box 120, Beckley, WV 25801. Unsatisfied queries fully refunded.

Record collectors supplies. New jackets, sleeves, 78 sleeves, boxes, etc. Free brochure. Cabco TNR-4, Box 8212, Columbus, OH 43201.

TIPPER'S TABLE. Wallet-size card for figuring 15% tips. $1. Rithmetics, Box 720, Tillamook, OR 97141.

Sell It, Rent It, Trade It, Find It

When you place your ad in The New Republic classifieds, you place your ad in front of over 250,000 readers for $1.00 a word per issue or $30 per column inch for camera ready copy. If you would like TNR to prepare a display ad for you, call for free estimates. If you've never advertised in our classified section before, you're eligible for our "3 FOR 2" INTRODUCTORY OFFER! Pay for two insertions and we'll throw in the third one FREE. *(Further rate information on preceding page.)*

Send check/money order or MasterCard/Visa # along with ad copy. Phone orders accepted with MasterCard/Visa only. Send copy or call collect: Theresa Miller, The New Republic, 1220 19th St., NW, Washington, DC, 20036. (202) 331-7494.

I'LL DO IT! Enclosed is prepayment along with my ad copy. Please run my ad _____ times.

_____

_____

_____

_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

California Diarist

Sequins, Sunshine, and Sea Therapy

I agree with Thomas Hardy. It all depends on how you say things; or, in Hardy's words, "If Galileo had said in verse that the world moved, the Inquisition might have left him alone." So I want to be casual and non-argumentative when I say the following: California (where many of my acquaintances wouldn't be caught dead) isn't so bad. I have lived in the Big Avocado for four years and haven't noticed that my midwestern self has suffered any. People who move to southern California from "the east" spend a lot of time badmouthing the place. The result is that their friends "back home" carry on about cuckoo California. I think they're all in error.

Granted, some of the La La Land myths are true. This is not the home of good taste. "Dressing up" out here is a code phrase for shoes and socks. On the other hand, flashiness is a touch flashier here than elsewhere. As one observer wrote in the *Herald-Examiner*, "You get the feeling that God did not rest on the seventh day but created the sequin." He also must have given special thermostats to the women of southern California, because they seem perfectly comfortable wearing mink coats indoors.

Another distinguishing feature of California is the extent to which it is a car culture. In an age when physicians' house calls are only a memory, out here you can still arrange a house call for your car. I learned this when I noticed a van in my neighbor's driveway with the following legend painted on the side: LEO'S DIAL-A-WASH. With great numbers of cars, of course, come parking problems. The Getty Museum in Malibu, for instance, requires reservations—not for the people, but for the cars. If the museum were situated on a normal street, such would not be the case. But the Getty is on top of a mountain. Parking places are predictably limited and there's no way to walk in; hence the reservations for the cars. And what's more, the garage at the Getty is carpeted. Nothing Persian, mind you, but carpeted nonetheless.

Speaking of things Persian reminds me that we in southern California had a somewhat more personal perspective on the Iranian difficulties. A Persian acquaintance of my husband's and mine is the spitting image of Bani-Sadr. At the height of the crisis he was worried about going out in public. He had it all wrong. Although nationalism was operative in southern California and there were demonstrations now and then, maître d's welcomed him with open palms. Good restaurants always like stars—and California being California, one head waiter asked our friend outright if he was Bani-Sadr. Told that he was not, the waiter drew the logical conclusion. "Why, of course!" he said. "You're his stand-in."

International situations aside, state politics have a predictably laid-back quality. I am not referring to a male state senator recently on trial for making love to two female constituents, aged 16, but to our junior senator, Sam Hayakawa, who sleeps during business hours, and the governor, Jerry Brown, who meditates. It is clearly a restful setting out here. Healthy, too. We have pineapple pizza and marijuana with no seeds. We also have lots of young people. Maybe the sun culture attracts them, or possibly the good weather just puts them outside where we can see them. Signs are posted above the public telephones in many coffee shops and delis that clearly have young people in mind: "Please do not pour drinks in coin slots. Sometime YOU may want to make a call."

Californians are often maligned for not being able to read. It can't be true. I've seen too many people poring over *Variety* and the *Hollywood Reporter*. The confusion may have to do with books; this isn't a big book-buying area. When you shop for bookcases, the salespeople always ask, "Putting up plants?" We are in step, however, with the rest of the country when it comes to local chroniclers. There is Herb Caen in San Francisco, Jimmy Breslin in New York, Mike Royko in Chicago, and Alan Cartnal in southern California. "I want to be the Chaucer of Los Angeles," he says. "I love Nautilus machines. I'm crazy for Nautilus. And I like the beach. I'm very into sea therapy, you know? . . . I love supermarkets because they're like gambling casinos now. And I love McDonald's games. Anywhere there's a game, anywhere there's an adventure, I'm hanging out there."

The products of other company towns may not be physically obvious to civilians, but there is no mistaking that movies are made in Los Angeles. (In Washington, DC, for example, you will never *see* a congressional committee schlepping a pork barrel down the street.) The filmic telltales are everywhere. We are used to seeing production company convoys on residential streets and downtown thoroughfares. There is no mistaking the purpose of camera trucks, portable generators, motor homes for stars, and buses full of extras. Another manifestation of "the business" seen here and nowhere else are production T-shirts. These bear the legends of every television show or feature film made. If you see a woman with an "Eight is Enough" T-shirt, the message is not that she has finally been sterilized but that she worked on that show.

It's hard not to rattle on about the movie business, because that's all anyone rattles on about out here. The show-biz influence even extends to the fabled southern California real estate market. We are renting a lovely $80,000 house that soon will be put on the market for $1,100,000. The trick to selling houses here is to identify them by a previous owner who was in the movie business. Hence, there is John Barrymore's house—although none of the last six owners has been named either John or Barrymore. Contrary to what my eastern friends imagine, we live on a regular street in an average neighborhood. Bob Dylan's drummer lives on one side of us and Dean Martin lives on the other. Granted we have a crime problem here, just like everywhere else. Los Angeles is working on the highest homicide rate in the country, and our burglary statistics are very aggressive. But I feel relatively secure. Perhaps I have been lulled into a false sense of well-being because of the sunny climate. Or maybe it's because of my daughter's German shepherd and Dean Martin's guards. I mention our neighborhood, the Riviera District, only because Ronald Reagan used to be a neighbor. So take heart. It's wrong to think that Reagan is not attuned to poor people, or that all he ever sees are white Anglo Saxon Protestants. Out here it is common to have Japanese gardeners and Mexican pool men. As for my husband and me, we have evaluated all the California stimuli and we're doing what we think is the only sensible thing. We've bought a new house. It's in Connecticut.

Margo Howard

Margo Howard is a former Californian living in Connecticut.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Give the best to your best and brightest

The best writers
The best thinkers
The best of politics
The best of the arts

In many families, THE NEW REPUBLIC is a tradition that has been passed on from generation to generation. We know of some families in which there are today four generations of subscribers to THE NEW REPUBLIC. In one of these families, the senior member first subscribed to TNR when he was a student at Harvard in 1915. He gave *his* daughter a subscription when she went off to school in the 30's. She gave *her* son a subscription in the 50's. And now *his* son and daughter are reading THE NEW REPUBLIC, too.

A family reunion is almost like a NEW REPUBLIC reunion. Intelligent people exchanging ideas intelligently. Concerned citizens. Independent thinkers in a complex world.

Don't you have a child or grandchild, niece or nephew, or simply some young friend who would enjoy getting and reading TNR at school? From generation to generation, THE NEW REPUBLIC is a tradition worth passing on.

Continue that tradition. When you give a student you know a gift subscription to THE NEW REPUBLIC, you'll be sending a gift of ideas that keeps on giving week after week—for less than 38¢ an issue. You'll save 44% off our regular subscription rates. And THE NEW REPUBLIC's timely and stimulating editorials, articles, reviews will keep your favorite students on top of what's going on in the "real world"—beyond the ivory towers.

TNR will keep them thinking, talking—and thanking you—throughout the year. Whether it's politics, current events, economics, foreign affairs, film, music or the arts, THE NEW REPUBLIC is an essential supplement to the learning going on inside the classroom.

To order, please use the attached order card or write:

The New Republic
P.O. Box 955
Farmingdale, NY 11737

Handsome gift cards will be mailed to the students advising them of your thoughtfulness.

THE NEW REPUBLIC—
every issue is an education in itself.

GIVE THE BEST TO YOUR BEST AND BRIGHTEST

☐ **YES!** I want to give a subscription to **The New Republic** to the student listed below—at a savings of 44% off the regular supscription price.

Send: ☐ a full year of **TNR** (48 issues) for $18.
☐ 37 issues for $13.97.

TO: Student's Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
School _____ Yr. of Graduation _____

(Please list additional orders on a separate sheet of paper.)

FROM: My Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Check One: ☐ Payment enclosed.
☐ Bill my: VISA ____ MasterCard ____
Acct. # _____ Expires _____
Signature _____
☐ Bill me later. 6131

Money-Back Guarantee: If you are unhappy with **The New Republic** at any time, you may cancel for a full refund on all unmailed copies. Please allow 3-5 weeks for delivery of the first issue. Offer good through 1/82.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NO POSTAGE NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY CARD
FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 30702, WASHINGTON, D.C.

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

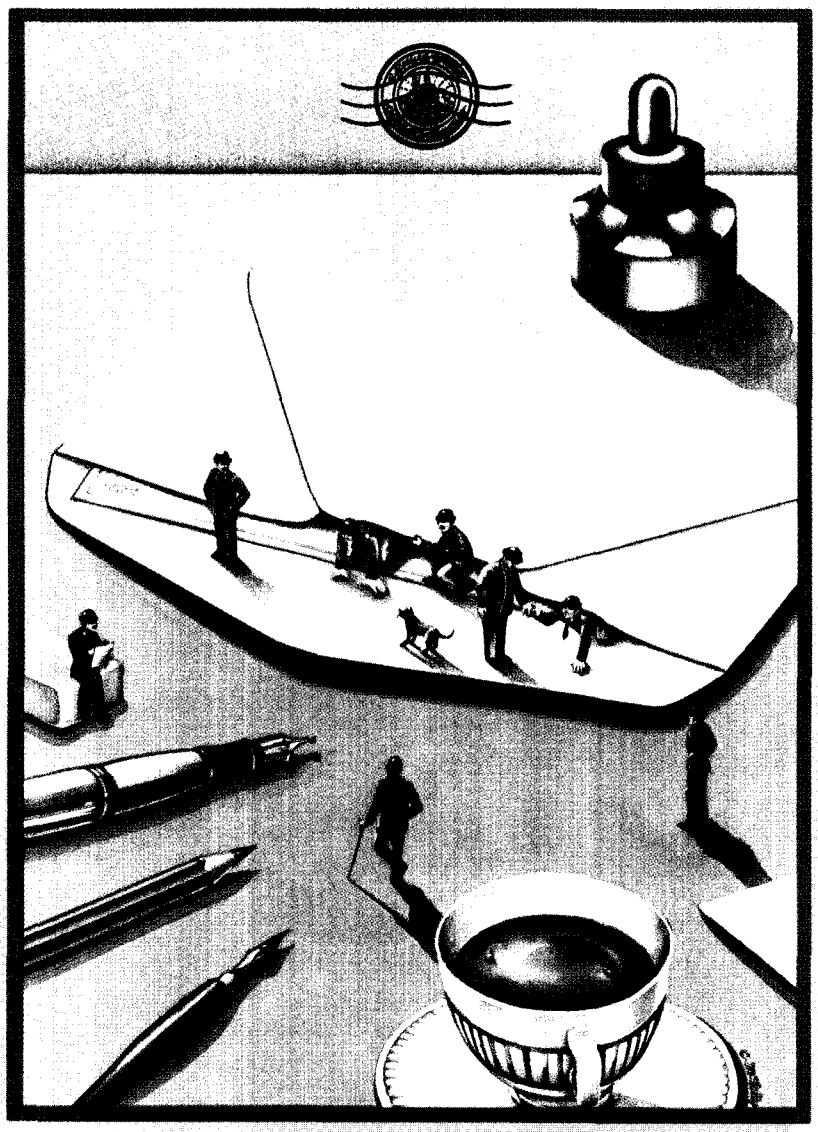
THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 19th St., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

To order, please use the atttached order card or write:

The New Republic
P.O. Box 955
Farmingdale, NY 11737

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Chief, there's more to this case than meets the eye!"



Tricky things, envelopes. They're so much a part of our lives we tend to forget what they come from.

Last year, some two million trees were harvested to produce the 112 billion envelopes you and we used to package our communications.

Which means our essential need for envelopes could conflict with our emotional attachment to trees.

Boise Cascade is a leading manufacturer of envelopes and manager of trees, so we're acutely aware of this conflict and our obligation to reconcile it.

That's why we plant up to six seedlings for every tree we harvest, why we explore new techniques that promise more trees per acre, more wood and paper per tree.

By managing our resources prudently we can provide the jobs, products and profits we all need while sustaining the forests we all love.

Boise Cascade Corporation
Wood and paper for today, trees for tomorrow.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She can't wear a Matisse to Lutèce.

Born out of fire and ice more than a hundred million years ago. Every diamond is unique. But a diamond this large is even more precious. A gift so rare, it can never be measured. Until you see the look in her eyes.

THE DIAMOND SOLITAIRE.
A RARE GIFT.

The one carat diamond pendant shown is enlarged for detail.

A diamond is forever. De Beers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED